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LULU REYNOLD'S
SHOOT IS ALL
ABOUT THAT ASS!

INTERVIEW:
JACKASS
CO-CREATOR
JEFF TREMAINE

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MILEY RYAN &
SOPHIE GRACE

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LEGENDARY
WINGSUIT PILOT
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LULU REYNOLDS



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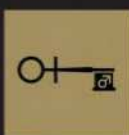
Happy Spanks-giving! Arse-themed erotica

107: BLACK LABEL CLUB

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HELLO,

Welcome to the Booty issue – a celebration of all things butt!

Whether you're an admirer of the arse, a chaser of curves or you just get randy over a round rump, then this issue is for you.

I love my arse – it's definitely my favourite feature, but I remember the days when having junk in the trunk wasn't considered hot. These days we've gone from *"Does my butt look big in this?"* to *"Does my butt look big enough in this?"* Nobody can deny the beauty of a big beautiful butt!

In our Booty issue – you can perv on my bubble butt, drool over the delicious derriere of Ashton Avenue, enjoy the sight on butt-on-butt action with Miley Ryan and Sophie Jones, let me teach you the art of anal (giving and receiving), find out about the hottest anal toys on the market and more.

When you've finishing perusing the Booty issue, why not come and meet my butt in person? Book some quality time with me at lulu.thetitfairy.com. Find me on Twitter (@lulureynoldsx), Instagram (titfairy) and Snapchat (lulureynoldsx).

Bottoms up!

LULU REYNOLDS
COVERGIRL



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EVENT PLANNER

NITRO CIRCUS

APRIL - MAY

Direct from sell out shows across the globe, the world's greatest action sports show, Travis Pastrana's Nitro Circus Live, is coming back to Australia. Featuring 30 of the world's best extreme athletes in freestyle motocross, BMX and Skate, plus a host of ridiculous contraptions being launched 50ft into the air by the crazy Nitro daredevils. See Ticketek for more info

OUTDOOR CINEMA

DEC - APRIL 2017

Centennial Park, Sydney

After locking in dates back in September, Australia's biggest outdoor cinema has confirmed their full 2016-17 summer program – and it's a goodie. Kicking off on the first day of summer (how fitting) in Sydney's Centennial Park, this year's setup boasts all the regular features that make this one of the country's most popular summer events. Big screen shimmering beneath the stars? Check. Food trucks serving the ultimate movie munchies? Check. Letting super-organised patrons BYO their own snacks? Check. A huge lineup of new releases and cult classics? Check check check it out.

SOCCEROOS V SAUDI ARABIA 2018 FIFA WORLD CUP QUALIFIER

JUNE 8

Adelaide Oval

This is it, the final stage of FIFA World Cup Qualification. Our Socceroos take on Saudi Arabia in their second last FIFA World Cup Asian Qualifier at Adelaide Oval. Mile Jedinak, Tom Rogic, Tim Cahill and all the Socceroos

love seeing the terraces filled with green and gold.

Every home match is crucial to getting us to Russia and your support could make the difference.

OZ NATS

APR 22

Eastern Creek

The Australian Performance Nationals (OZ NATS) is coming your way, Sydney! We will be coming to the famous Sydney Motorsport Park, April 22nd.

OZ NATS is an action packed event that brings a wide variety of performance and show cars.

MISS MAY AMANDA VALENTINA FROM THE BLACK LABEL CALENDAR

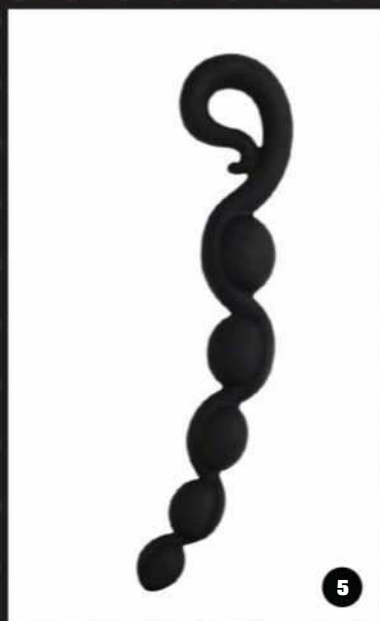


*Want to see your event
here? Email [amie@
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1 TOP

BACKDOOR TOYS



1 ANAL TRAINING

Fun Factory's best selling buttplug - Bootie - now comes in three sizes, making it easy to train your butt for bigger and better things. The flexible base allows for comfort and extended wear, while the curved shape makes it ideal for prostate exploration and play. Use whichever one takes your fancy at the time. passionfruitshop.com.au

2 ROSEBUD BUTTPLUG

Smell the roses with this bespoke Rosebud Delight Plug from Crystal Delights. A work of art, the plug is a long stem small bulb princess plug featuring a rosebud shaped bulb and a Green Sphinx genuine Swarovski jewel. The rosebuds are available in lavender, pink or frosted styles. Pluck yourself a rosebud buttplug from crystaldelights.com

3 PJUR LUBES

This month's cover girl and lover of butt stuff, Lulu Reynolds, has recommended Pjur AQUA as her fave lubricant for anal play. Unlike other waterbased lubes, AQUA doesn't leave any sticky film behind, instead, is completely absorbed into the skin like moisturiser. The lubricant has no smell or taste. It's available from most adult shops. pjurlove.com

4 BESPOKE BUTTPLUG HEELS

From the kinky mind of erotic shoe designer, Ainsley T, comes a pair of seriously kinky boots. Knee high, made of patent red leather and featuring bulbous buttplugs as heels, these shoes were designed for deviance. Know someone who needs a good kick in the arse? ainsley-t.com

5 BENDY BEADS

These pure, silicone beads are beautifully elasticised and made of elliptic shaped elements of varying sizes, which, one by one, can be inserted and removed for stimulation. Remove at the point of orgasm for maximum effect. Team up with a waterbased lubricant for best results! passionfruitshop.com.au



6



7



8



9



10

6 MY LITTLE PORNY

Crystal Delights brings whimsy to anal play with their Crystal Minx Faux Pony Tail buttplug. The handcrafted glass plug is available in small, medium and large bulb sizes. The tails screw off, meaning you can change the colours. Why does this exist, you ask? Because who doesn't want to fuck a unicorn? crystaldelights.com

7 SEX IN THE CITY

We could all do with learning a little more - especially when it comes to having better sex. Experienced and passionate sex educators take you on a journey discovering naughty subjects and live demos, helping to open doors to conversations with your partner. The homework is the best part! sexedinthecity.com.au

8 SPANK ME

Arse play doesn't have to be all about the penetration. For some of us, nothing beats giving or receiving a good slap on the arse during sex. Up your spanking game by investing in a paddle. We recommend these leather-wrapped, wooden, flat rectangular paddles from The Spanking Academy. Available in 7 different colours. thespankacademy.com

9 CLASSIC PINK BUTT

Fleshlight are legendary when it comes to innovative ways to jerk off but it's hard to go past their good ole Classic Pink Butt. The Pink Butt has stood the test of time and will undoubtedly keep you happy and satisfied for years to come. The original Fleshlight line also includes the Classic Lady and Mouth. au.fleshlight.com

10 BEND OVER BOYFRIEND

The Tantus Bend Over strapon kit is great for beginners who want to explore the joys of pegging. The velvet, machine washable harness is comfortable, adjustable and easy to use. The kit comes with two dildos in a small and a medium size, giving you a few different options for play. passionfruitshop.com.au

ADVICE

THINK DIRTY ASK AMIE

GOT a sexual or relationship dilemma that needs solving? No topics are off limits. Ask Amie from Think Dirty at amie@phpublications.com

Q: Why does anal sex feel so good?

A: Your arse is a hub of thousands of sensitive nerve endings both in, on and around it, which is why it feels so damn good when it's touched, licked, played with or fucked. Most of the nerve endings are on the outside of the arse, so when you are penetrated, it's the pressure and feeling of fullness that feels hot. With that being said, let's not forget about the magical gland in a man's arse known as the prostate. A little rectal rub on a man's prostate gland can be so powerful that it creates orgasms without any additional stimulation.

Q: Arse to pussy... that doesn't seem healthy yet they do it all the time in porn. What's the deal?

A: Don't believe everything you see in porn. Basically... no. While they go from hole to hole in porn, it's definitely not a move us regular civilians should ever try. The last you want to do is transmit bacteria from the rectum into the pussy. The vagina has it's own eco-system of bacteria that exists in it. Bringing in anal bacteria will come with a souvenir of a painful yeast infection or a UTI. The only way you can go safely from arse to pussy is by changing condoms inbetween holes. Going pussy to arse is fine but arse to pussy is a big fat no no. Never!

Q: I'm an anal virgin but keen to try it with my hubby. What are the best positions for a nervous anal virgin?

A: The best positions for anal are the ones where you can control the depth and speed. Our cover girl Lulu rates spoon-fucking as her go to position

for anal, saying it allows her to ease back when she's ready. Other positions I recommend starting with are: Doggystyle – again, you can ease back at your own pace; Face to Face – with your hubby sitting on the edge of the bed, you can straddle him, with your knees either side of his legs and ease yourself down when you're ready. This position can be extra intimate and means he can give you extra stimulation while you're having sex; Anal on the stomach – With a pillow under your stomach, this position is comfortable and makes penetration easy. Since your hubby is controlling the situation, make sure he goes slow.

Q: Is it possible to orgasm from anal sex alone?

A: I don't see why not! Some people need their genitals stimulated during anal sex to get off but some people

can get their rocks off from arse play alone. It's possibly due to the contractions of the pelvic muscles as well as the psychological excitement of being fucked in the arse.

Q: How do I get clean for anal sex?

A: 1. Go the toilet, have a shower and gently wash the outside of your arse. 2. You're ready for anal sex. Yep! That's all there is to it. There's no real need for enemas, douching or extreme cleaning unless you plan on getting fisted (not recommended for beginners). Always remember with anal though that you can never guarantee that the sex will be squeaky clean – even with enemas. If you're having anal sex, you may experience a little mess. It's the nature of the game. Butt it's not the end of the world...

Follow me on Twitter: [@_thinkdirty_](https://twitter.com/_thinkdirty_)



REVIEW

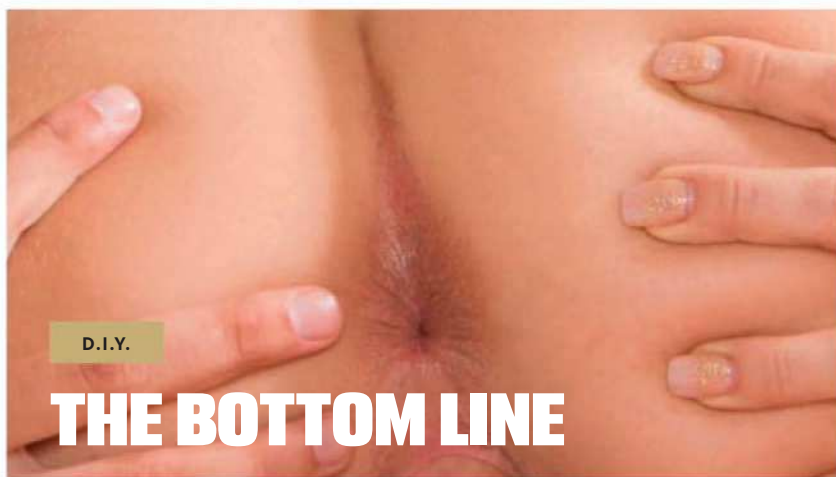
A "JOB" WELL DONE FLESHLIGHT.COM.AU

I think it's important to note from the beginning – I've never tried a Fleshlight before. Don't get me wrong, I've always been curious – just never got around to it. So when I was offered the opportunity to use the Fleshlight Turbo, I grabbed it firmly with both hands (ha ha). I can admit, I was a little sceptical at first. How good could a Fleshlight really be? Well, I can tell you – this was "hands down", the best solo experience I have ever had. What can I say? It's just way better than what I can do by myself.

The Turbo is specifically designed to mimic the sensation of a blowjob. And in this respect, it does a phenomenal job. I was so impressed I contacted the company rep to know how they modelled the mouth.

They told me how they created a double orifice system that mimics both the mouth and throat, with all the real-life sensations along the way. So it feels like you're getting a proper deepthroat blowjob. At the end of the Fleshlight, there's an adjustable cup that allows you to control the amount of suction – so you can get a soft or hard suck, depending on what your preference is.

I was totally impressed with my new toy and would recommend it to anyone who's looking for a first buy or for anyone looking to add something a bit different to their personal collection.



We all think of it as that dark secret that we don't want to talk about. It's that naughty dirtiness that most of us do not want to mention in public. What is this raunchy act that I'm talking about? Anal play. Even while writing it I imagine myself whispering it.

We have all seen the scenes in porn where a well-muscled fella thrusts his manhood into a willing lady's backdoor. Many of us have tried to recreate this at home, often ending in pain for our partners and awkwardness for ourselves. Heaven forbid you're a man who likes HIS backdoor played with! For those gents, you are commonly ignored or ostracized by society.

We are here to tell you some tips, tricks, and benefits for pressing forward and going in through the exit door.

Step one: set the mood

Anal play is not something to rush into. Both partners need to be patient with each other and themselves. Light candles, dim the lights, have a glass of wine, and crank up the Barry White before you get it on.

For us, we like to start with a full body massage on her (or him, if that's the case). Spending 30 to 40 minutes fully relaxing your partner will greatly increase the pleasures of anal penetration later on. Using a massage lotion like coconut oil will both turn on your olfactory lust as well as make a great natural lube for actual penetration later.

Step two: tease

Your goal is to increase blood flow to the

complete anal area. Push the cheeks together, and "drum" your fingers along your partner's crack. Allow your fingers to run ever so lightly over the anus. Run the flat of your fingers or thumb repeatedly over your partner's anus. Every 3rd or 4th time allow just the tip of your digit to push into their arse for a brief moment before continuing on. Take things slow—there's no rush. Build the anticipation; ready your partner. The more you prep and tease this area now the more your partner will be begging for penetration later.

Step three: penetration

We like to start with a finger. Let's step back for a moment and discuss lubrication. It is immensely important to remember that the anal cavity is a non-self lubricating orifice and that anything that goes into the anus needs to be well lubricated and put in slow. Use one and a half times the lubricant as you think is needed... it's much better to have too much than not enough. We recommend starting with a silicone lubricant.

Let's take a step back and address the prostate for a moment. The prostate is a walnut-sized organ just inside the anus, tucked snugly behind the testicles. This organ is often given a clever name like the "Male G-Spot" for very good reasons. Much like the female G-spot, the prostate is a spongy area about 2 to 3 knuckles in on the belly button side of men. Benefits of proper stimulation of this organ can result in fewer trips to the bathroom in the middle of the night, stronger & firmer erections and orgasms, and a reduced risk of prostate cancer.

Words: By the Bi

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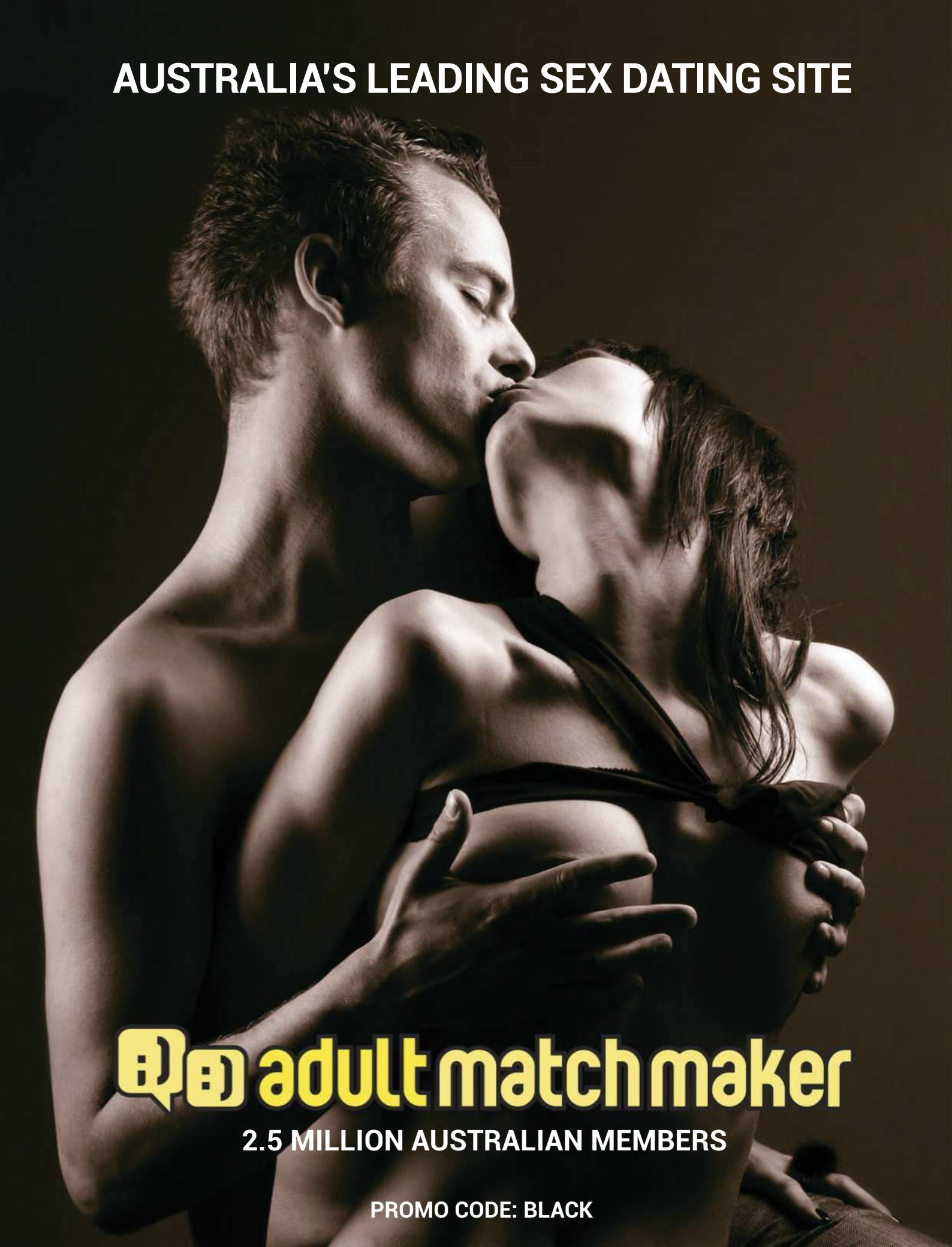
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AUSTRALIA'S LEADING SEX DATING SITE

A man and a woman are shown in a close, intimate embrace, nearly kissing. The man is on the left, leaning towards the woman on the right. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting their profiles against a dark background. The woman is wearing a dark, strapless top.

 **adult matchmaker**

2.5 MILLION AUSTRALIAN MEMBERS

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LET'S GET PHYSICAL

ASHTON AVENUE WORKS UP A SWEAT

Shot by: Cassandra Keyes

















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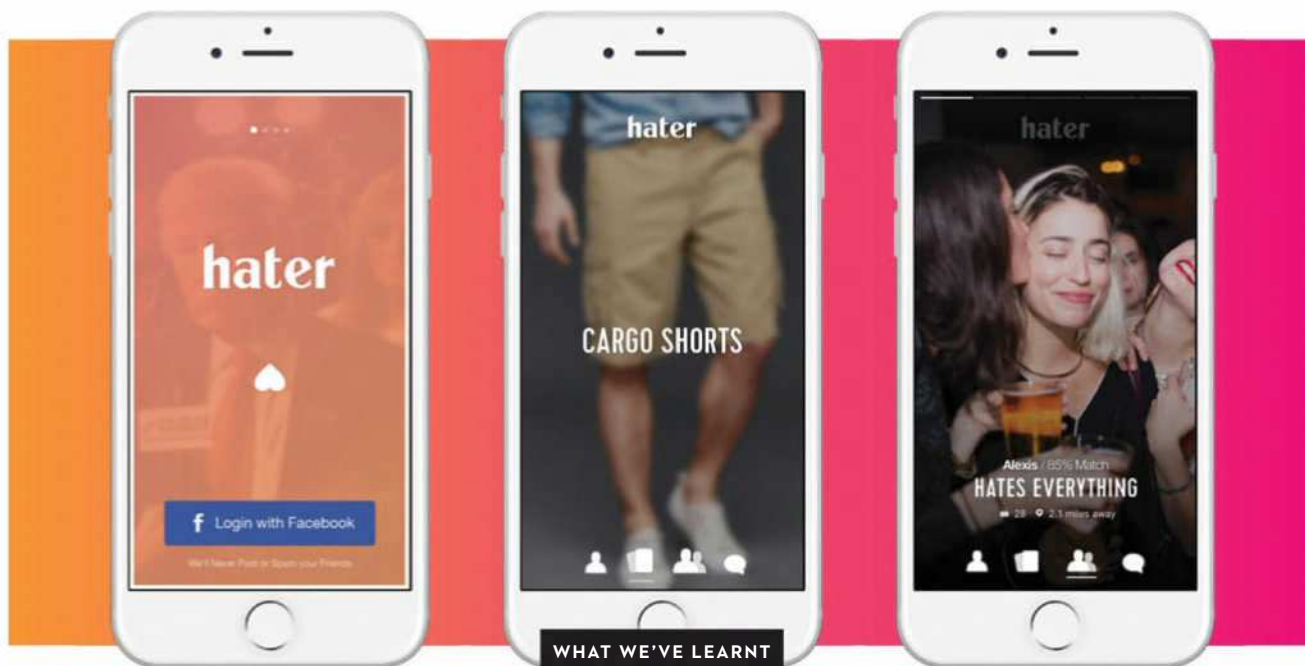
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THE HATEFUL DATE

It was Joy Division's Ian Curtis who proclaimed that "Love will tear us apart", but maybe hate can bring us together.

At least that's the hope behind Hater, a new dating app that allows people to connect over a mutual hatred of celebrities, concepts, activities, and foods. Users are presented with a diverse list of things to hate on, such as cargo shorts, paying extra for guac, Taylor Swift, and butt selfies. They swipe down if they hate it, swipe up if they love it, swipe right if they like it or swipe left if they dislike it. The app's algorithm then matches users based on location and their shared pet peeves.

It sort of sounds like a joke, and funnily enough, that's exactly how it started. The app's creator, Brendan Alper, is a former Goldman Sachs employee turned comedian who came up with the idea as part of a comedy sketch.

However, after doing a bit of research, he found that hate is a powerful bonding tool.

"What we hate is an important part of who we are, but it's often swept under the rug in our public persona," Alper said. "We want people to express themselves more honestly. Plus, it's easy to start a conversation if you know you both hate pickles."

There's even a built-in game that helps to break the ice with your matches, finally doing away with the uninspired, "Hey". The game provides a short scenario and lets users fill in the blanks with their own hate-inspired interpretation (think *Cards Against Humanity*.)

Is this another sign that technology is turning us all into cynical assholes? Maybe. But hey, haters gonna date.

Hater is only available on iOS for now but will launch on Android later in the year.

WHAT THE FROCK?

AN Italian priest is under investigation for domestic violence and abetting prostitution. Father Andrea Contin, 48, a parish priest at the Church of San Lazzaro in Padua is accused of having as many as 30 lovers, many of whom he regularly "pimped out" to other men through partner swapping websites. We get the

feeling that Father Contin may have picked the wrong profession.

One of his accusers said in her police statement that the priest carried a briefcase with him, but rather than the kinds of things you might expect to find in a priest's luggage (holy water, Bibles, sacraments or maybe a spare clerical collar?), his contained

"vibrators, sex toys, masks and bondage equipment"

The disgraced priest also disguised his homemade porn videos by labelling them with the names of various popes. Why he would want his porn to remind him of Benedict XVI or Servant of God Jean Paul I is anyone's guess.

A 49-year-old church volunteer came forward to offer her story of unholy union with the randy priest, stating that

when she went to him for spiritual guidance he put the moves on her, after which the couple engaged in regular sex.

"It happened in the rectory and in different houses," she said. "But I say no more because there are investigations.

Contin now faces possible criminal charges, and while the charges might not stick, church authorities have already announced that he'll be removed from his position and likely defrocked.

FAUX REAL?

PEOPLE for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) is well known for its headline-grabbing publicity stunts. Over the years we've seen it condemn Pokémon for desensitising kids to animal cruelty, attempt to rename fish "sea kittens" and use drones to track hunting enthusiasts.

Their latest attempt to raise awareness is no less entertaining than what we've seen in the past.

PETA UK is petitioning the CEO of Warhammer 40,000 – a tabletop strategy game that stages fantasy battles using miniature figurines – to remove fur from the wardrobes of the game's models.

A public statement on the organisation's website reads: "From the mighty Leman Russ and Horus Lupercal to Chaos Warriors and the Sisters of Silence, Warhammer features an abundance of characters who wear what appear to be animal pelts, which just doesn't add up."

It's difficult to imagine the fur trade is being driven by nerdy dudes emulating their favourite Space Marine. And of course, the figurines aren't actually wearing any fur – they're made of resin – which makes this whole exercise seem a little pointless.

So why is PETA making this fringe hobby the target of their latest campaign, rather than say, fur distribution companies or hunting groups?

If we had to guess, it's because zany stunts like this get tonnes of media attention. It's obviously working – we're talking about it right now. But somewhat predictably, no one's talking about fur in fashion nearly as much as they're talking about PETA itself.



MORE FUN FROM FLORIDA

AHHH, good ol' Florida Man, what kind of trouble has he got himself into now? Usually found tossing gators through Wendy's drive-through windows or staring down hurricanes with nothing more than a pair of trunks and a US flag in hand, now he's mixed himself up in the drug game.

Kevin Johnson, 46, has been arrested by Hernando County police on suspicion of trafficking large quantities of heroin in the Tampa Bay area in Florida. What's more, emblazoned on the 5,500 packages seized by police were the faces of President Donald Trump, Joaquín "El Chapo" Guzmán, and Colombian crime lord Pablo Escobar.

There's no explanation as to why these faces were used or what they might mean. But one thing is certain: Pam Bondi, Florida's attorney general, is pissed.

Bondi is a former member of Trump's transition team who's rumoured to be in the running for a White House post. She told the *Tampa Bay Times*, "All I want to say to this drug dealer is, 'Big mistake putting the president's picture on this.'"

Ms Bond even said she planned to make sure President Trump gets one of these packages when the case is over to put in the Oval Office and remind him of all the good he's doing.

Kind of a weird gift, but it's the thought that counts right?



MILF BURRITO

CHILDBIRTH is no picnic. For all the things us guys have to endure, we should be pretty damn happy that squeezing the equivalent of a large, lumpy football out of our bodies isn't one of them.

Unfortunately for most women, the pain of giving birth doesn't end with cutting the umbilical cord.

In Japan (the modern birthplace of all things strange and wonderful), one Kyoto-based midwife has come up with a truly bizarre way to treat the inevitable post-labour aches and pains women suffer.

It's called Otonamaki – which literally translates to “adult wrapping”, because apparently the best way to beat the baby pains is to be wrapped up and rocked like a baby yourself.

Several new mothers, as well as clients with problems like bow legs and stiffness, have signed up for the treatment that sees them swaddled in a large sheet and rocked from side to side for 15 to 20 minutes.

So far, the treatment has received pretty positive feedback. “It felt warm, and there was this feeling in my body. I have never experienced this before, so it's quite hard to describe properly,” said one mother after a session.

Unsurprisingly, not everyone is on board with the new treatment. Shiro Oba, a chiropractor from Akasaka Chiropractics, called bullshit on the strange-looking therapy, insisting that mothers experiencing pain should see a doctor.

“There may be cases where people with asthma may find it easier to breath (in that position), but once the cloth is off it's the same thing,” said Oba.



INDEPENDENT WORM SALOON

DOCTORS in India were shocked to remove a tapeworm measuring more than 6 feet through a patient's mouth, according to a report published in the New England Journal of Medicine.

After complaining about intolerable abdominal pain, the 48-year-old man visited the doctor, where part of the worm was discovered during a colonoscopy.

The attending doctor Cyriac Phillips wrote, “It was an undulating, moving piece of the worm. This worm segment was confirmation that there was a tapeworm infestation in this patient.”

If that's not graphic enough to make you gag, read on.

Following the initial discovery, the doctors confirmed the severity of the infection with an endoscopy, inserting a camera into the patient's throat to view the intestine. The team were then able to view images of the parasite.

After sedating the man, the team were able to begin the extraction process by pulling it out through his mouth with a pair of forceps.

“We had absolutely no idea regarding the length of this worm,” Phillips said. “It kept on coming.”

“We pulled at it softly and steadily, and ultimately the job was done after maybe around 1 hour and 15 minutes. I have never seen a tapeworm this long.”

When removed, the worm measured 1.9 metres and was classified as a pork tapeworm. If you want to avoid getting one, be sure to cook your pork properly and don't eat at restaurants with shitty sanitation practices.



ON THE DOWN LOW

NEXT time you're sitting in traffic, rest assured it probably won't be this bad forever. Elon Musk, the man who brought you SpaceX, Tesla, reusable rockets and Mars missions, has begun digging holes. Sound boring? He is – literally.

After various tweets lamenting LA's atrocious traffic, Musk began excavating a "test trench" 9 metres wide, 15 metres long and 4.5 metres deep on the grounds of SpaceX's grounds in LA. He's calling it the beginning of an experiment.

"We're just going to figure out what it

takes to improve tunneling speed by, I think, somewhere between 500 and 1,000 percent," he said. "We have no idea what we're doing – I want to be clear about that."

Obviously, the notion of building tunnels underground isn't new. However, Musk has presented a vision that surpasses anything hitherto imagined: beating congestion through a complex network of tunnels.

"If you think of tunnels going 10, 20, 30 layers deep or more, it is obvious that going three dimensions down will encompass

the needs of any city's transport of arbitrary size," he told *WIRED* in a Twitter direct message.

"You have tall buildings, they're all 3D, and then everyone wants to go into the building and leave the building at the same time," Musk said. "On a 2D road network, that obviously doesn't work, so you have to go 3D either up or down. And I think probably down."

For now, it remains speculative, but Musk does have a reputation as a guy who gets things done.

THE TELL TALE HEART

WE'RE well aware that we live in a society with heightened surveillance. Terrorist threat, something-something, danger! But did you know that you're also being watched from inside yourself?

Well, technically, that's not true. But one man has been arrested because police were able to determine that he was lying to them by using data from his pacemaker.

When Ross Compton, 59, called 911 to report a fire which caused \$400,000 in damages to his Ohio house in September last year, police were a little suspicious. Ross claimed that after realising his house was on fire, he had time to pack up a lot of his belongings and toss them through a window that he broke with his cane.

While this isn't impossible, it's unlikely – and made even more unlikely by the fact that Ross has an artificial heart. Not content with Compton's story, police acquired a warrant that allowed them to look at data from his pacemaker to see his heart rate at the time of the fire.

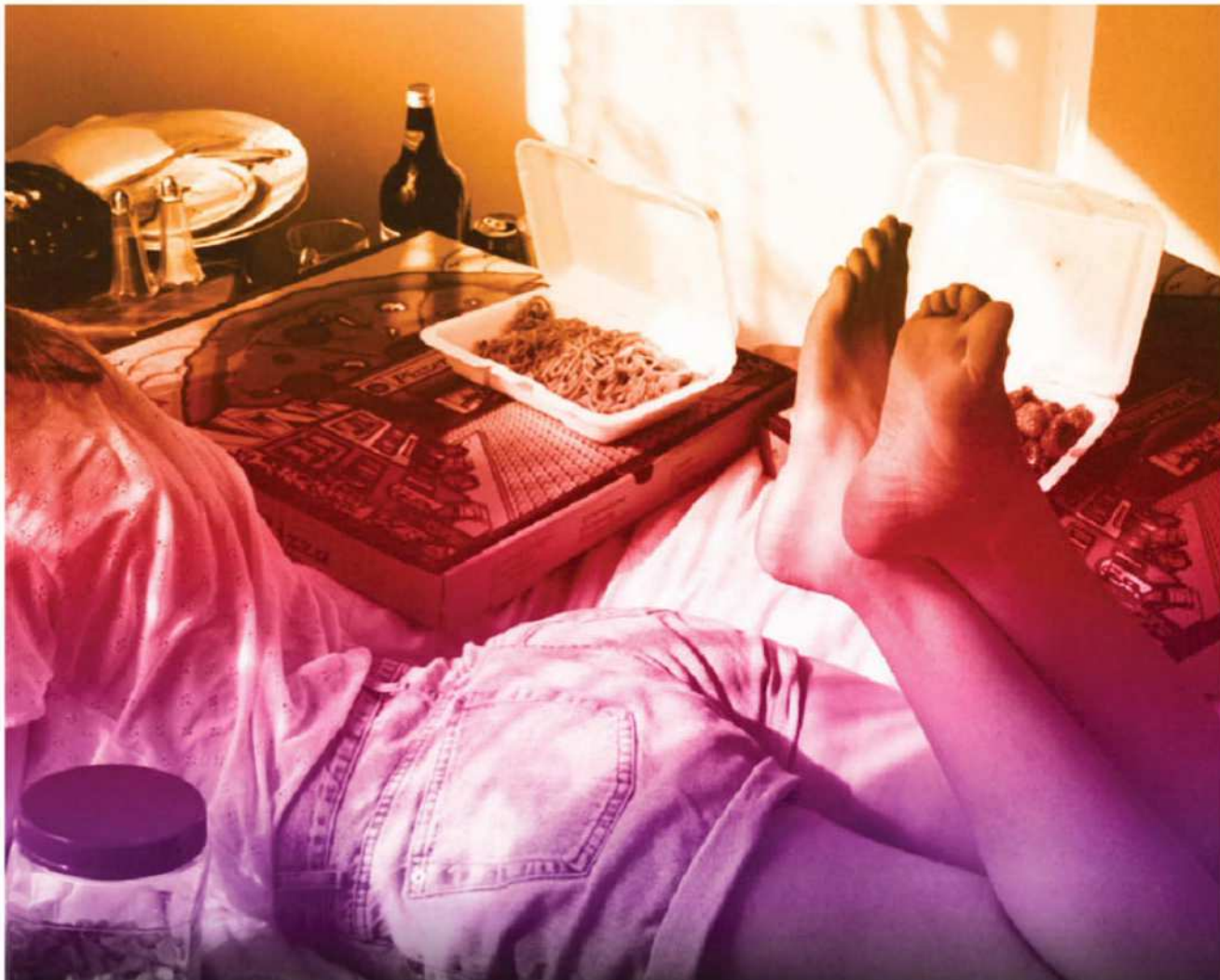
According to court documents seen by *Journal-News*, a cardiologist who reviewed the data determined, "It is highly



improbable Mr Compton would have been able to collect, pack and remove the number of items from the house, exit his bedroom window and carry numerous large and heavy items to the front of his residence during the short period he has indicated, due to his medical conditions."

Compton was caught red handed. Police later found evidence of gasoline in his shoes, and firemen determined the fire had started at multiple points within his house at the same time.

Compton calls the allegations "utterly insane" but unfortunately for Ross, this makes them no less true. Enjoy your new home, aka jail cell.



MILLENNI-YAWN

WE'VE about hit the point where the media has probably said everything there is on the topic of Millennials. They're lazy, entitled, shiftless layabouts who persistently bitch and moan while adding nothing of value to society. Surely it's about time we put the whole subject to bed.

Well, apparently not.

The *New York Post* has thrown its hat into the ring with a new observation about today's misguided youth.

Apparently, they don't go out. Specifically, "They're the greatest generation – of couch potatoes," according to *NYP*.

That's right – the generation that saw fit to mourn a dead gorilla by getting their "dicks out" has redefined the rules once again by refusing to take part in the time honoured tradition of getting absolutely shitfaced on the weekend.

The reasons put forward by *NYP* for this generational anomaly? Youngins today are too content to "Netflix

and Chill" and can't be bothered leaving the house. That, combined with the high price of nightlife in major cities and you've got an epidemic of 30-year-olds who are tamer than their grandparents.

But unfortunately, according to some experts, staying indoors can hurt one's emotional wellbeing.

"They're not consuming alcohol, but they're consuming a lot of media – and it's depressing them," according to Manhattan-based psychologist Dr Michael Brustein.

Dr Brustein says that he is encountering a large number of patients who complain they feel depressed after a big weekend of doing nothing.

But maybe they're onto something. As one young writer from *VICE* stated in response to the *NYP* article, "People used to worry about stuff like drought, famine, and a new band of men with swords riding into town."

"For most of the humans who have ever lived, this generation's typical night in represents an impossible pinnacle of luxury."

MAN CALLS POLICE BECAUSE HE'S TOO HIGH

EVER had a hit of the ganja and thought to yourself, "I'm so high I should probably call the police." Nope? Us neither. Not only does that fail to make sense in any situation, but what the hell are the cops going to do, arrest you?

This line of reasoning didn't stop one stoned hero. After presumably hitting the bong way too hard, he called the police and told them he was "too high."

After arriving at the 22-year-old's Ohio home, the police heard groaning coming from inside the house. According to details in the police report, upon entering, they found him in the foetal position, "Surrounded by a plethora of Doritos, Pepperidge Farm Goldfish, and Chips Ahoy cookies".

After coming to, the man confessed to smoking the weed in his car, and handed over his keys. They recovered a glass pipe, rolling papers, small roaches, and a jar of weed.

The police were called at 5:20pm, just an hour after 4:20pm, a detail we're sure wasn't overlooked. The man refused medical treatment and has not yet been charged.



THE BIG QUESTION

WE'VE finally got an answer to one of life's most important questions: Is a Snuggie a blanket – or is it a robe? In a landmark case in the Federal Trade Court Judge Mark Barnett put an end to a ten-year disagreement between the Justice Department and Allstar Marketing Group, the makers of Snuggies.

The Snuggie, for the uninitiated, is a fleecy blanket with sleeves worn by people who are active enough to get out of bed, but still too lazy to leave the house.

The Justice Department argued that for the purpose of levying importation taxes, the Snuggie should be considered as "robes or priestly vestments", which incurs a higher tax than if it were considered a regular old blanket.

And after ten long years of careful deliberation, we finally have an answer. Judge Barnett decided that The Snuggie is not considered clerical or ecclesiastical garments but is just a blanket with sleeves. He pointed to the fact that the packaging clearly calls the product 'the Blanket with Sleeves!' This combined with the fact most people use the snuggie in situations where one would usually use a blanket, meant that Snuggie importers were correct to pay the lower 8.5% import tax.

We sure are glad that's sorted.

This case will no doubt go down as one of the most important findings since Miriam Webster's declaration that a hotdog is a sandwich.

DRUG DEAL GOES WRONG WHEN CUSTOMER GETS THE SHITS

WE'VE all had bad deals. Bad deals, like having your dealer suddenly up his price, are a part of the game.

In that situation, most people would either A) suck it up and move on, or B) Call the dealer and ask for their money back. Both of these options are reasonable courses of action.

One lady decided to do neither

of the above, opting instead for option C) call the police and tell them about the "outrageous" price hike her weed dealer just pulled on her. One can only assume she was incredibly stoned the entire time. After inquiring further, the lady refused to reveal any more details to the police for fear of incriminating herself, and hung up.

In a Facebook post, the

Northern Territory Police, Fire and Emergency Services said the woman's bizarre call "had to top the list of 'unusual.'"

In a cheeky move, the department decided to get a little creative with their social media by ending their post with, "If you know a drug dealer who is ripping you off, give us a call. We'd love to help."

THE
TASTE
OF
SUCCESS



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WINTER WARMER

WHAT BETTER WAY TO AVOID THE COLD, THEN
TO STAY IN BED WITH ASPEN RAE

















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THE NEW KING OF SCI-FI

FRENCH-CANADIAN director Denis Villeneuve grew up in a village next to the only nuclear plant in Quebec. It's a pretty ominous backdrop for a child, and we can't help but wonder if it helped inspire his interest in making sci-fi films. If you ask him, he'll tell you that he used to try to convince people he was born in the reactor core, sort of like a superhero origin story. But the 49-year-old Hollywood director doesn't seem to have any noticeable superpowers, just a serious knack for creating compelling science fiction for the big screen.

If you're a fan of the genre, 2017 is looking to be a stand-out year for sci-fi. There's *Ghost in a Shell*, another addition to the *Star Wars* franchise, an *Alien* prequel, and the next instalment of *Planet of the Apes* – the list goes on.

From Villeneuve, who's already released his intricately told sci-fi masterpiece *Arrival* to widespread critical acclaim, we're going to see the belated sequel to Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*.

No doubt fanboys and critics will be ready to shred the crap out of it if it fails to live up to their expectations.

We're talking about a director that critics are calling the new king of sci-fi. And more importantly, he's already shown with films like *Sicario*, *Arrival* and *Prisoners*, that his use of tone and ability to bring a storyboard to life make him the ideal candidate for the stylised grittiness of *Blade Runner*.

He's also a director who insists on achieving his vision through real sets and props over a green screen. Take a look at

SOUNDSCAPES

Villeneuve is one of a few Hollywood directors who works closely with sound to see that it directly marries up with the movement and themes on screen. To do this, he relies on the considerable musical talents of Jóhann Jóhannsson, whom he worked with on *Sicario*, *Arrival* and *Prisoners*, all of which utilise soundscapes to reflect what's happening on-screen.

SICARIO:

The direction from Villeneuve was "subtle war music".

Jóhannsson's use of pulsing percussive instruments with softer touches from a classical orchestra reflect the understated violence onscreen.

ARRIVAL:

The central theme of this movie is communication. Jóhannsson uses human voices that almost sound like an unintelligible language with vocal loops to mimic the circular logographs the aliens use to communicate.

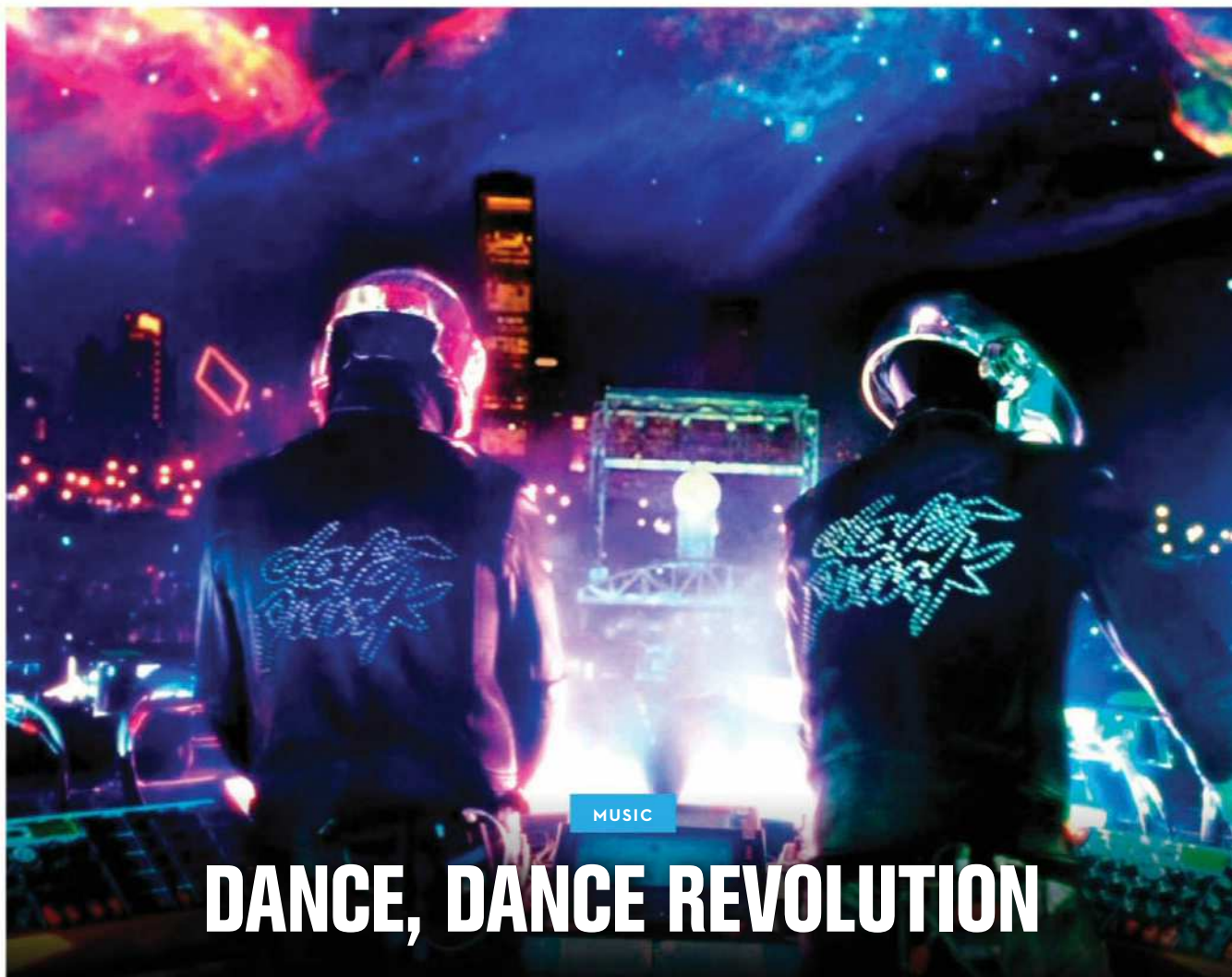
the *Blade Runner* 2049 trailer, and you can see grimy, neon-lit streets, teeming with anonymous faces, sprawling architecture and real looking sets. It's 2017, but Villeneuve's bringing old-school effects and set design back to sci-fi.

Fans love it. *Arrival* is cleaning up in awards season, having already won 17 awards and a further 130 nominations. While there was a fair bit of CGI used in that film, plenty of it was real sets. Of course, the giant obsidian eggs were created by a bunch of geeks behind a computer, but their vast cavernous interiors were all real.

The squid-like aliens that appear behind glass in the ships are CGI, but Villeneuve actually wanted to use puppets. "We were dreaming to put them in a gigantic aquarium with gigantic beasts that would be moved by puppeteers. But sadly, it would have been too expensive," he opined in an interview with *Vanity*.

Dark, ominous and tense are words that describe Villeneuve's directorial vision – he's bringing the apocalypse back to science fiction film, and in a time where overpopulation, climate change and political upheaval are making daily headlines, his filmmaking is hitting the right notes with audiences. Apparently the major Hollywood studios love his work too. Just recently, after loads of rumour-mongering, Villeneuve officially put ink on paper to direct Frank Herbert's classic *Dune*. Otherwise known as the film that almost ended David Lynch's career. The Quebec native has said that it's always been his dream to do it, but it definitely won't be easy. **1**





DANCE, DANCE REVOLUTION

WHEN a publication of *The Wall Street Journal's* ilk sees fit to decry the commercialisation of the dance music scene, it might be time for those pointing fingers to indulge in a spot of reflection.

That was five years ago, before top DJs were signing multi-million dollar endorsement deals to spruik the likes of Coca-Cola, Nokia and Nike. Many have chimed in since, including a surprising number of performers still cashing in at the coalface, to warn of EDM's unsustainable bubble or to outright declare its demise.

The arguments follow a common thread. The corrupting influence of corporate appropriation, coupled with a lack of credible talent, has led to a plastic culture of stagnant productions, overpriced tickets, and – anecdotally at least – a consequent consumer backlash.

Is the unfavourable commentary just a case of pettifogging – a cynical exercise in image management and the usual portents of doom as the media's stock-in-trade – or is it possible that the end of EDM is in sight?

For those who survived the dance music scene's previous popular incarnation in the '90s, EDM has always been a curious phenomenon. Fundamentally, it's cultural repackaging. And although it's now unfolding on a far grander scale, the similarities persist enough to provoke legitimate flashbacks in even the most chemically blighted of brains: crazy lasers, sparkly fashion, shady pills, and a persistently hysterical press. The continual death-knell proclamations will also ring familiar.

It's been about twenty years since the last crop of electronic producers – artists such as The Prodigy and The Chemical Brothers – emerged from a homespun, flourishing dance music scene to bridge the Atlantic and achieve mainstream success. Joining them were a slew of newly refined or more fully formed acts with a keener eye on the commercial market, such as radio-friendly Moby, and, most notably today, a pair of disco robots by the name of Daft Punk. Soon enough, middle-aged mothers were attending step classes to a soundtrack of Sash! and dance music was officially dead.

Of course, it wasn't quite that simple, and the flame flickered on in other forms. The basic gist, however, remains the same; the commodification of dance music culture effectively killed it.

Electronic beats have become routine in advertising and incorporated into every pop song at the exact time nightclubs are closing en masse. That the scene's downturn coincided with dance music's commercial maturation is no coincidence. The sound no longer represented the insular, sub-cultural ethos that spawned it.

Strangely, EDM still manages to market itself as alternative, but such a charade doesn't fit alongside its ever-expanding commercial scope. And there's emerging evidence that the current chorus of alarm bells is being backed by the cold, hard facts of economics, with reports of massive pay cuts and the familiar downsizing of clubs. Are EDM enthusiasts finally getting ready to revolt against the corporate machinery and destroy the dance scene for good? Or, as was once said, is it all just a little bit of history repeating? **1**

HANKSY

HAVE you noticed that life across the pond in America seems like a bad joke these days? Yeah, us too. Which makes New York City street artist Hanksy seem like a cultural fucking bellwether.

You see, it all started as a bad joke.

Back in 2011, the anonymous law school dropout – rumoured by *New York* magazine to be Adam Himebauch, the son of a retired FBI agent – had a funny idea. He liked the subversive British street artist Banksy, known for his satirical graffiti; he also liked Tom Hanks movies. So, using basic computer software, he downloaded the famous Banksy image of a rat holding a paint roller, replaced the rat's face with a cartoon image of Hanks, crossed out the artist's tag and signed it "Hanksy." He then pasted a cutout of his mashup onto a building in NYC's Little Italy, posted a photo of it on Instagram and Twitter, emailed it to the street-art website Wooster Collective, and went to sleep. "And then it went viral," he told *The New York Times*. "I remember counting at the time that it had been tweeted to four or five million accounts."

Hanksy the artist was born.

His work began appearing around New York, as well as Detroit, Philadelphia, Chicago and LA: Bruce Willis holding a stack of pizza boxes with the tag line "Pie Hard"; Al Pacino's face plastered on the image of a bikini-clad woman with the caption "Gal Pacino." Then there was "Cage Against the Machine" and "The Walken Dead" (we'll let you guess who and what those were). And our personal favourites: "Turd on a Wire" features Kim Kardashian's face on a bird sitting on a tree branch; and in an ode to her better half, "Kanye Brest" depicts two smiling Kanye mugs on a pendulous pair of boobs.

No public figure is immune to satire, and certainly some are more mock-worthy than others. It's all part of the fun, and Hanksy was having a field day, posting his mashups and organising interactive exhibitions and group installations around the country. But in the summer of 2015, the artist found his muse.

Not long after the embarrassment now known as President Donald J. Trump announced his candidacy in the lobby of his Manhattan hotel, further downtown, on the facade of a Lower East Side building, Hanksy painted a mural of a pile of shit with Trump's irate face and signature haystack coiffure and eyebrows. And buzzing flies, of course, because flies love poop. "The mural was a joke, and so was Trump," Hanksy said. "Unfortunately the punchline never came and it's scary as hell."

The mural, known as "Dump Trump," quickly went viral, and as the Golden One's campaign gained momentum, Hanksy launched a "Dump Across America" tour, selling anti-Trump yard signs, bumper stickers, protest flags, buttons and coffee mugs. "I've always respected that the right image can sway someone," he told *Business Insider*. "And I know this is a cartoon piece of imagery – when it comes down to it, it's just a turd – but there are layers to it."

Sadly, the mural was painted over in January by the building's owners. "It was a shit mural anyways," Hanksy said in response to its whitewashing. "However, if anyone has a nice giant wall – preferably in direct view of 725 5th Ave [aka Trump Tower] – I'd be happy to paint it again!"

Follow Hanksy @hanksynyc





BUSTED

LOVE WILL SET YOU FREE

THAT'S the old cliché, right? But will love set you free? Apparently not, at least for one Venezuelan couple who attempted one of the most ill-conceived prison breaks since the guy who tried to escape Port Arthur prison by slapping fur on himself and pretending to be a kangaroo.

Antoinette Saouda, 25, was busted by prison guards smuggling her boyfriend out of the Jose Antonio Anzoategui prison in a large suitcase. During her visit to the prison, she managed to stuff her lanky lover, Ibrain Jose Vargas Garcia, into the wheelee bag and roll him right to the front door of the correctional facility with her six-year-old daughter in tow. One big happy family.

The only problem was that the suitcase weighed about 70 kilos more than when it was rolled in, as it now contained a human male. The guards, noticing Saouda was struggling with her luggage, stopped her and inspected the suitcase. They found Ibrain, contorted into a ball shape, presumably laughed at how ridiculous he looked, and chucked him straight back in the slammer to serve out the rest of his 10-year prison sentence.

Guards then arrested his girlfriend, their daughter was placed into protective services and Garcia is said to be working on a new Harry Houdini routine that he plans to perform on Channel Seven's *The X Factor* as soon as he is released. ❶



WORLD'S MOST INSANE PRISON BREAKS

1. THE ZEPPELIN MASTER

Italian drug trafficker Guilo B.'s escape plan included night vision goggles, climbing equipment and a four-metre long zeppelin. What loony tunes-esque scheme the Italian had whipped up, we will never know as he was caught by the guards before he could execute the plan. Too bad – it sounded like a lot of fun.

2. THE FLYING FELONS

Vassilis Paleokostas was a bank robber who made a name for himself by sharing his loot with the poor. Sort of like Robin Hood, just with a much less catchy name. When he eventually ended up in jail, his brother broke him out by landing a helicopter in the prison yard and flying away. They were caught after two years and both sent to jail, and this time, the prison guards learnt their lesson. Except they didn't because the pair escaped again – by helicopter – and they are still at large to this day.

3. THE ISLAND

When it comes to prison breaks, everyone always thinks Alcatraz. Tough iron bars, 12 cell checks a day and the surrounding freezing cold water make it pretty much the hardest place to escape from in the world. One group, however, achieved this incredible feat by building a drill out of random machine parts, making holes in a ventilation duct, misdirecting guards with papier-mache models of their heads and sailing out from the island on a boat made of raincoats. MacGyver would be proud.





TECH

ASTEROID MINING COWBOYS

HUMANS love space. You could say we have an obsession with it. Whether we're stargazing, sending men to the moon, or arguing over the likelihood of extraterrestrial life, man is fixated on the big, endless vacuum. But for the most part we're earthbound, because sending people to space costs a shit-ton. Sure, we've been to the moon, and soon Mars, but then what?

A lack of fuel, funding and the ability to efficiently refuel in space make it impossible to travel farther than our closest cosmic cousins. Thankfully, one company is set to change all that. Deep Space Industries, a California-based asteroid mining company, recently announced its plans to undertake the first ever commercial deep-space mining mission. The mission, called Prospector-1, will travel to a near-earth asteroid to investigate its potential resources as early as 2019.

The craft, weighing only about 50 kilos when fuelled, will determine the composition of the asteroid by using visual and infrared scanning. Once a full scan is complete, the craft will land on the asteroid's surface and continue studying its geology. Although this is only a prospecting mission, the company plans to be mining resources in the 2020s.

What then?

Space is expensive. Sending 500 grams into orbit can cost as much as \$25,000. If we're to become a true space-faring civilisation, we'll need to build orbital/space infrastructure. Asteroid mining companies are working towards a future where ships can stock up at mining stations already orbiting earth. With resources on millions of asteroids circling the sun, asteroid mining could make exploring the solar system that much easier and, let's be honest, that much more awesome.

But wait, I thought we were mining the asteroids to send resources back to earth?

We are, but they will be used in two ways. Because of the costs involved in transporting goods to and from space, most of the material will be used to create an in-space economy. Asteroids will play a vital role in helping us spread ourselves throughout the solar system, creating an orbital/space infrastructure that will be used to create an in-space refuelling system. If successful, we would have the ability to hop between planets, refuelling at asteroid "gas stations," probing deeper into space than ever before. ❶

IMAGES: DEEP SPACE INDUSTRIES, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



DEEP SPACE DEEP POCKETS

There's big money in asteroid mining. An asteroid the size of your house can contain hundreds of tonnes of metal and about your weight in gold. It's estimated that of the 9,000 near-earth asteroids (the ones we can reach), the wealth value equals approximately \$100 billion per human on earth. Each asteroid alone is potentially worth trillions.

An asteroid is full of precious, platinum-group metals, and there's big money in it. These are metals that are rare on earth, but essential for manufacturing electronic and high-tech goods. There are approximately 1500 of these near-Earth asteroids known today that are easier to reach than the moon.

INSERT: Once on the asteroid's surface, Prospector-1 will continue to study its geology

LEFT: Prospector-1 will determine the composition of the asteroid using visual and infrared scanning



WHAT'S IN AN ASTEROID?

I C-TYPE (Carbon Type)

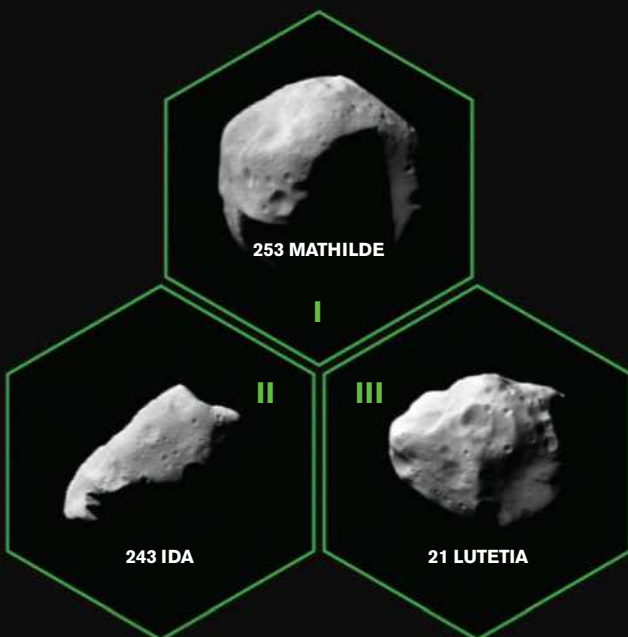
Carbon-rich asteroids are the most common, making up 75 percent of asteroids. They mostly contain water and other elements for life.

II S-TYPE (Silicate or stony asteroids)

Stony asteroids come in at a distant second, making up 17 percent of asteroids. They are less common but mineral-rich.

III M-TYPE (Metallic)

The M-Type are much less numerous and contain mostly nickel and iron. We would not be looking at bringing it home to earth, rather for building stuff in space.





POLITICS

AUSTRALIA'S DONALD TRUMP?

TO anyone who's been watching closely, Senator Cory Bernardi's split from the Liberal Party and the founding of the Australian Conservatives is not surprising. The media has long branded Bernardi the "rebel of the right", and he's always been considered a bit of a political weirdo, even by his own party. Back in 2011, one of his colleagues memorably referred to him in a *The Monthly* essay as: "Deluded... He is one of the least effective or important members of the parliamentary team... He should really never have risen above the position of Branch President. His right-wing macho-man act is just his way of looking as though he stands for something."

If this sort of criticism ever had any effect on Bernardi, he sure as hell never showed it. In fact, if anything, Cory Bernardi is proud of his outsider status.

At the end of last year, while he was on secondment to the United Nations in New York, he had a ringside seat to a major right-wing insurgency. Apparently, he was taking notes. In the weekly newsletters from his office (the colourfully named "Weekly dose of common sense") his usual diatribe against the "tyrannical progressive agenda" of the left became further supplemented with pot shots at his own party.

He opined in a November newsletter that "the level of support for this dangerous [left wing] agenda by Liberals has been heartbreaking to witness". He spoke of a demand for change, citing the fact that 40 per cent of voters didn't cast ballots for either major party in the last federal election as further proof that people in Australia, just like in the United States and in Britain, are sick of the political establishment.

Now, with a powerful surge in support for populist right-wing politics in Western democracies around the world, it seems the time was perfect for Bernardi to become Australia's Donald Trump. And while he doesn't agree that he is importing Trumpism,

jokingly noting that he has a "different colour tan", the similarities are certainly there. He shares the Donald's sentiments on Islam, climate change and immigration and the familiar message that "the political class is failing". Trump famously promised to "drain the swamp", and now in Bernardi's terms, he is "cleaning up Canberra".

Will Bernardi's revolt have the same impact here in Australia as Trump's did in the US? Probably not. Realistically, not much will change. Looking at the numbers in the Senate, the Coalition will now need ten votes to pass legislation as opposed to nine. This will impact on the Greens' ability to play kingmaker. Their nine Senate votes used to be enough to get the Coalition over the line, but now one more cross-bencher will need to come along for his to happen. If the Greens won't come to the table, the Coalition will need One Nation, NXT and three of the five other crossbenchers, which now includes Bernardi. Working with the Labour Party will remain the easiest way for the government to pass legislation through the upper house.

So, if his move doesn't really change anything, why bother? His former Liberal party colleagues are undoubtedly asking the same question. Among cries of political treachery, the Libs are miffed that Bernardi used his position on the party ballot paper to get elected. A seat, according to fellow South Australian MP Christopher Pyne, he never would have won without the party's support.

"There are 350,000 voters from South Australia who wanted a Liberal Party Senator, and I think Cory owes them an explanation," Pyne said.

"The honourable thing to do would be to resign and re-contest the seat as an independent, as his political hero Phil Gramm from Texas did."

Cory Bernardi did not respond to a request for comment. 



GAMING

AUTHORITAH FIGURES SOUTH PARK: THE FRACTURED BUT WHOLE

Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

A game about a racist superhero named The Coon and his team of potty-mouth misfits would never fly unless it crawled from the gutterbrains of Trey Parker and Matt Stone, the duo behind the adult kid's cartoon *South Park* (among other pointed satire).

Twenty seasons of *South Park*'s offend-everyone social commentary, Kenny assassinations, and Cartman's big-boneheaded shenanigans have built a universe that spawned inevitable videogames, most of them better than your typical licensed turds (see below) – thanks to Parker and Stone's participation. Their seminal work was *South Park: The Stick*

of Truth, a best-selling role-playing adventure that was also the funniest game of 2014. This sequel, *Fractured But Whole*, goes deeper and longer with the role-playing concept.

Once again, players slip into the crudely animated sneakers of the New Kid (aka "Douchebag"), a pre-teen transplant to the South Park community who must prove himself/herself/itself (gender neutrality is a theme) as a worthy friend to Cartman, Stan, Kyle, Kenny, et al.

Bored with imaginary medieval times, the boys don the superhero personas of Coon and Friends, an Avengers-flavoured team led by Cartman bent on building the ultimate superhero franchise. Naturally,

Cartman's heavy-handed leadership style and boundless narcissism create a schism between the kids, who face-off in a civil war. Your character must choose a class – from Flash-style speedsters to X-Manly mutants – and make this fractured team whole again. Combat goes deep as you array your heroes and unleash attacks that are both bizarrely cool (Kyle the Human Kite can nuke the battlefield from orbit) and hilarious (you can rewind events with farts that rip a hole in the time-space continuum). Series diehards will uncover endless fan service, lapsed *South Park* fans will reconnect with the characters during the epic storyline, and everyone will find something that offends them. 1

LICENSED GARBAGE: THE SHITTIEST GAMES BASED ON HOT PROPERTIES

WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP (Atari Jaguar, 1995)

What kid growing up in the 1990s didn't want to play the videogame adaptation of Woody Harrelson and Wesley Snipe's blockbuster about high-stakes street-basketball gambling? *White Men Can't Jump* sucked the fun out of videogame basketball with its horrendous control and insane commentary that flashed such Pulitzer-worthy catchphrases as "That had to hurt!"

STREET FIGHTER: THE MOVIE (Arcade, PlayStation, 1995)

This game based on a movie represented the most blatant cash grab in the history of licensed anything. Actors poorly digitised from the movie replaced the beloved pixelated artwork from the hit *Street Fighter* fighting series, while combat felt mushy and rushed. This is still the best game ever made staring both Jean-Claude Van Damme and the late Raúl Juliá.

SUPERMAN 64 (Nintendo 64, 1999)

Even non-comic nerds know about the Man of Steel's super-strength, heat-vision, and ability to see through yoga pants, but this infamously awful N64 game scrapped all those powers and forced players to fly Superman through thousands of hoops suspended in a green Kryptonite fog, an obvious programming trick to hide a Metropolis built from, like, 11 polygons max.

LAST ALERT (TurboGrafx-CD, 1989)

Combining all of the best worst things about late-80s games – such as the bad "Engrish" of meme-spawning shooter *Zero Wing* and the bottomless storage capacity of CD-ROMS – Last Alert delivered hours of corny dialog ("You can't hire my feelings," says the hero) delivered gamely by actors taking the "more is more" approach. Search online for "Last Alert + voice acting."





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BOOTY CALL

WHEN A GIRL WALKS IN WITH AN ITTY BITTY WAIST AND A ROUND
THING IN YOUR FACE... IT'S PROBABLY LULU REYNOLDS

Photography: Hello Miss



















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GETTING BEHIND ANAL PLAY

THE INS AND OUTS OF ARSE PLAY FOR BEGINNERS. BY LULU REYNOLDS

I consider myself a bit of an arseficionado...

When done correctly, anal sex, whether it be with fingers, toys, tongues or cocks, can be an intensely erotic experience. Grip my hips from behind and bury your face in my arse and I'll be purring in seconds. Slide a finger into my arse while your mouth is on my pussy and I'll start talking in tongues! Sensually and slowly penetrate my arse while you kiss me and you might be lucky enough to feel me come in waves on your cock.

Here's a few tips from me to you about approaching the arses of the women in your life, should you be so lucky...

BE A KICK-ASS KISS ASS

Foreplay is crucial when it comes to successful anal sex. The worst thing you can do is to just skip the sweet build of foreplay and dive in cock-first. Not only will you scar her for life (literally and figuratively), that will be game over, my friend. Start by kissing her arse and teasing it with your tongue. Be a smooth 'rimal! People underestimate how good a skilled tongue on the hole can feel. Reach around and touch her body while you're doing it, this will give you an idea of how she is feeling and reacting to your touch. Her body might tighten up the first

crystal buttplug from Julian Snelling. Using a plug on her will encourage her arse to relax and stretch.

LUBE LUBE LUBE

The arse doesn't produce natural lubricant in the same way that the vagina does, so it needs all the help it can get when it comes to wetness. Not using lube can make for an uncomfortable experience, plus can create friction to the point of tearing. Invest in a lube that's designed to make anal more comfortable. German-lube legends Pjur make incredible lubes and can be found in most adult stores. I love their waterbased lubes for anal play. Avoid using lubricants that claim to 'numb' the arse as it shouldn't actually hurt if you are doing it right. Numbing an area means that if something does hurt, you can risk tearing and hurting her without realising until the damage has already been done. Go slow and listen to her body. Don't be shy about reapplying lube as required.

THE MAIN EVENT

When it comes to the penetration itself, let your partner be in control (at least initially...). She's the one at risk of pain, so let her dictate the depth and speed. The spooning position

THE SPOONING POSITION IS PROBABLY THE BEST POSITION TO START IN, AS I FIND I CAN RELAX QUICKLY AND EASE BACK WHEN I'M READY

time you try it out of nervousness, so encourage her to loosen up and let go. Your enthusiasm for being between her cheeks will be a big turn on and will go a long way towards making her feel sexy and relaxed.

START SMALL

When she's squirming onto your tongue and you can tell she's ready for something extra, insert a finger or a small toy into her arse. Slide on a latex glove and lube up your finger to avoid fingernail scratches and to help the finger slide in as easily as possible. When it comes to toys, I cannot stress enough how you should never put anything into an arse that doesn't have a flared base. This is not a drill! The arse has a reputation for being a black hole vortex when it comes to things in it and has no shame in sucking something up deep inside it. We've all heard the stories of people going to the hospital to have strange non-flared base artifacts removed from their arses. Avoid an awkward trip to Emergency and stick to toys designed for arse play, such as a beautiful bejewelled RoseBud aluminium

is probably the best position to start in, as I find I can relax quickly and ease back when I'm ready. When she hands the reins to you, resist the urge to fuck her fast and slow it down. Go as slow as you possibly can. Encourage her to keep her muscles relaxed. Check in with her throughout the whole process. If anything feels uncomfortable, slow down, stop or top up the lube. Once you're both comfortable, pick up the pace. Although the visual is hot, avoid pulling all the way out and pushing in as this can cause pain. Keep your thrusting to a small range. To truly blow her mind, incorporate some clitoral stimulation at the same time.

RECAP

Afterwards, make sure you let her know how hot you found the experience. If there's a little mess, deal with it. It's anal sex. Shit quite literally happens but isn't the end of the world.

Since anal sex can feel good for everyone, if you're feeling adventurous, maybe encourage her to be the pitcher next time? **1**



INTERVIEW

MASTER OF PUPPETS

IF ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, THEN **JEFF TREMAINE**, COCREATOR OF MTV'S *JACKASS*, IS PERHAPS THE GREATEST PUPPETEER OF THE 21ST CENTURY.
INTERVIEW BY CHRIS NIERATKO

JEFF TREMAINE, the eternal instigator, manipulated a ragtag cast of half-assed stuntmen and merry pranksters into televised self-mutilation, accidentally sparking a cultural revolution that led everyone with a camera (and later a cellphone) to believe they, too, could be a star.

Groundbreaking as it was to the mainstream to see a bunch of average Joes fucking themselves up on the small screen armed with nothing more than a handheld camera, the truth was that the *Jackass* brand of buffoonery was nothing new to the skateboarding world – it had been going on in the pages and videos of the infamous and now-defunct *Skateboarding* magazine for nearly a decade before *Jackass* aired in 2000. It was during his tenure as editorial director of *Big Brother* magazine in the 1990s that Tremaine assembled his own personal Howard Stern-esque wack-pack that would go on to gross over half a billion dollars.

Hulu recently released *DUMB*, a documentary focusing on the pre-*Jackass* years of *Big Brother*, directed by Patrick O'Dell. I caught up with Tremaine, my former *Big Brother* boss, at his Gorilla Flicks office in Burbank to discuss starting fights, his Ho Chi Minh nickname, nearly killing Johnny Knoxville, his upcoming Mötley Crüe biopic, and of course *Big Brother*, the nuthouse that started him down one of the craziest roads in television history. >

Before creating *Jackass* you were the art and editorial director of *Big Brother*, one of the most infamous comedic magazines out there. How would you describe the magazine?

It was reckless, fun and sort of punk. We had a fuck-all attitude and we had great bosses in the early days – Steve Rocco, and then later Larry Flynt – who left us alone and encouraged our antics. Rocco wanted it as wild as could be. He challenged me to make it that way with a wide-open wallet. Creatively speaking, he made sure we had everything we needed. There were no boundaries for anything we wanted to do.

The new documentary *DUMB* covers the early years of the magazine extensively, but I'm curious about what some of the highlights were for you personally?

I was in high spirits on the Mardi Gras tour. I remember we walked up to a biker bar and a couple guys were at the front door ready to go in, and right before that group gets in I kicked over a motorcycle and yelled, "Harley down!" My crew were

to anyone that wasn't part of that culture, but for skateboarders *Jackass* is just a skate video without a lot of skating.

Have you ever been on the receiving end of a punch?

We have big mouths and we like to stir it up. I always liked to start bar fights but not participate in them to see what I could get going. You can't be too drunk when you do that. You have to be just the right amount of drunk because when you get too drunk you get sloppy and you get caught. One night I was at this guy's house in Hermosa Beach who was having a big party and I was wasted. I'm waiting in a long line for the bathroom and I'm bored to death and I see this gnarly gangster dude sitting on the couch and I walk out of the bathroom line and go start talking to this dude and I say to him, "I know this is going to sound weird but I was standing in the bathroom line and the dude in front of me keeps looking over at you and saying, 'That dude has dick-sucking lips.'" The guy just gives me this weird look. It turns out that it was his good friend that I had pointed out and he

I like to make things uncomfortable.

You like to instigate.

It's true. I do.

I like chaos. I have always liked chaos. One time we were at the Beauty Bar on Cahuenga and there was a real feisty Spanish girl that I was talking to, and I accidentally bumped her into this other girl and the other girl started talking shit. First I tried to break it up and then I was like, "Wait a minute. What am I doing?" So I nudged her back into the girl and next thing I know the two girls start fighting and then dudes start swinging and suddenly the whole bar erupts. I took two steps back, stood against the wall, and watched the whole bar clear out in a full-on, best movie-bar-fight ever. There's been a few of those. What? You don't do that?

No, never. You made it through the *Jackass* years relatively unscathed.

No, I get caught, but it's usually not on camera. Those guys will get me. I remember it was toward the end of the first movie in Europe with [Johnny] Knoxville and Bam [Margerla] and we were doing press and our big threat to each other was, "I'm going to come on you, dude!" It was a joke. Well, I thought it was a joke but I also knew to not take it too lightly. So we're partying pretty hard, and one of the days we had to get up at seven in the morning and I get in the back of the minivan and just pass out. I wake up because I feel something hit me in the face and I look up and Bam is just lurking over me jacking off. I thought come hit my face and woke me up but it was a scarf hanging down. I freaked out and punched him in the bare dick. I felt his whole balls mash into my hand. But if that scarf didn't hit me I would've gotten hit. He was speed-stroking, full-on trying to make it happen. After that I was sleep-deprived because I wouldn't close my eyes.

Are there any other times over the years where you had that kind of fear for someone's safety?

Yeah, in the early *Jackass* days we didn't have an art director or any help. If we wanted to jump the LA River in rollerskates, me and the cameraman would screw the ramp together and just do it and film it. No permits. No nothing. So one time Knoxville went online and bought three riot-control shotgun shells that had little beanbag inserts. It was the

‘
IT'S ORIGINAL TO ANYONE THAT WASN'T PART OF THAT CULTURE, BUT FOR SKATEBOARDERS *JACKASS* IS JUST A SKATE VIDEO WITHOUT A LOT OF SKATING
,

as guilty as me because they're with me. Any one of them that gets caught is dead. So we had to run for our lives, and that was the kind of tour it was every night. We didn't even have coverage of half the shit, so it was all drawn in the magazine. The video footage we do have is crazy. One clip we have is in the French Quarter and there's a cop car and Karma climbs up on it and drops in on the window while Simon Woodstock is pissing all over the car in a crayon suit and Marc McKee is making out with some chick. It was the most random chaos.

Do you feel *Big Brother* has changed media in general in its elevation of the staff being the characters?

That was not intentional. That just sort of happened. I don't think of that as very revolutionary. What we were doing was part of what the culture was. It's original

knew that he didn't say it. But he didn't confront me about it right there. He had to soak it in and it festered with him for a while, because later I was sitting in the kitchen – I was pretty blacked out – but I remember this dude was right in my face, screaming, "You don't know who I am!" Next thing I know my friend's ex-girlfriend is trying to help me up. I'm looking up at all these people that are all concerned. I was like, "Why am I lying on the ground?" Knocked the fuck out.

Where do you think that comes from, you being such an instigator?

My mom tells me stories about being a little kid in preschool and my nickname was Ho Chi Minh, because I did not like peace. I would walk in and just bite somebody or make sure shit got started, even back then. But, Chris, you like to instigate, too.



Spike Jonze, Preston Lacy, Jeff Tremaine, Ehren McGhehey, Steve O and Jason "Wee Man" Acuna

earliest version of these things. We get this stuntman who was willing to shoot Johnny. I don't know where Knoxville found this guy but we're in his backyard in the Valley and Knoxville is like, "Let's just do it." I said, "No, man. It'll be better if we build it up."

So I get a watermelon and set it up with a sheet of plywood behind it. The guy shoots the watermelon and it blows right through it but it also blows right through the plywood. And I was like, "That doesn't seem right." Knoxville is like, "Fuck it. We're here. Let's just do it." Again, I'm like, "No, man! Hold on." I grab an even thicker piece of plywood," and I draw a circle and I tell the guy to shoot it. He shoots at it and misses the circle. It goes like six inches above the circle but rips right through the inch plywood. A big-ass hole. The guy was pretty close to point-blank and he was aiming at the

circle. Those things just don't go where they're supposed to go. They fly like a Frisbee bullet totally out of control where you won't hit what you're aiming for, but if you shoot it into a crowd you will kill somebody. I couldn't believe they were even selling those things.

But Knoxville is like, "Let's do it and get out of here." I'm like, "Are you fucking kidding me? Are you watching what I'm watching? If you want to do it, go ahead, but every one of you cameramen get in the car. We're getting the fuck out of here. You can shoot him but I'm not going to be here for that shit." I had to make him walk away from that shit and he was pissed at me for shutting him down. We eventually did it in the movie when they had a better device with more accuracy that wouldn't go right through you. That tells you everything about Knox — he's just Evel Knievel-style. Evel would have

the wrong gear and show up and see the crowd and know that if he commits to the jump over however many buses that he's eating shit but, "Goddamnit! The crowd is here, do let's do this!"

Since the days of *Jackass* you've been doing a bunch of directing, and for years your name has been tied to the Mötley Crüe biopic based on their autobiography, *The Dirt*.

I have been attached to this goddamn thing for over four years, but it feels real right now with Netflix and I'm hoping it all works out. My attraction to doing the movie was not because I'm the biggest Mötley Crüe fan, but after I read that book I saw a lot of similarities between them and the *Jackass* roller-coaster ride, with the crash-and-burn and the drugs and with Mötley Crüe encouraged and expected to be as bad as possible. They



were paid a lot of money and what they did was never checked on. The naughtier they were, the more they were loved. They had a free pass and the *Jackass* guys had the same thing. Steve-O could take a shit on a red carpet and it would be positive news. If Brad Pitt does that it's a devastating career-ending move for him. But Steve-O just gets more gigs. That takes a toll on the guys because all of a sudden you become a caricature of yourself and you get caught up in trying to one-up yourself and I think that happened to Mötley Crüe, too. You lose track of your moral compass and I feel really connected to this story because of that, more than I am connected to their actual music.

There are so many gems in *The Dirt*. Was there one that you just instantly visualised on the big screen?

Mötley Crüe meeting Ozzy Osbourne] around a hotel pool and they snort ants and Ozzy pees all over the pool and they lick it up. If you're only surrounded by

‘ **I GREW UP IN THE REAGAN-ERA PUNK-ROCK SCENE; A GREAT TIME FOR ART AND MUSIC THAT HASN'T HAPPENED SINCE** ’

your team and you're in a fucking psycho mode like we were on *Jackass* and during *Big Brother*...you're in a bubble and the rules of real life do not apply.

One question I'm always being asked is why don't you bring the magazine back? Personally, I don't think it could work in this time of heightened sensitivity, but perhaps I'm wrong in my thinking and now, with our orange president, is it the best time to have such a comedic and antagonistic outlet?

It's a better time now than it's been since it died. *Big Brother* was never a

politically correct magazine. We never did anything nice and easy. My one optimistic nugget that I hold close in regards to Trump winning the election is that I grew up in the Reagan-era punk-rock scene; a great time for art and music that hasn't happened since, in my opinion. So I'm really hoping that Trump really gets under the artists' skin and they bloom and shock me with some awesome angst-filled music, art, and magazines. Something is going to come out in these next four years so I'll be entertained through all this. That's my one glimmer of hope...everything else is fucked. ●



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CULTURE

NYCHOS

Where are you right now?

I'm currently in Hawaii, taking a break and finding new inspirations.

On a scale of one to 10, how weird are you?

11.

Where's your favourite place to travel in the world?

There have been so many amazing places, and I keep traveling to new fantastic ones. One of my favourites would be the Bay Area in California. It's always great to go back there – it has become my second home over the past few years.

What are you not very good at?

Playing air guitar. I am a better air drummer.

You grew up looking at skeletons and dead animals; which animal has the most interesting anatomy?

Yes, I grew up in a hunter's family so dead animals and skeletons were pretty normal for me. I think all animals have a really interesting anatomy, as well as humans. But I have also been fascinated with dinosaurs since I was a child. Maybe because they existed way before our time and never made it to being a hunting trophy in my family's collection.

What project are you working on now, and what's next for *Rabbit Eye Movement*?

I'm currently working on some projects for Australia, I will be coming back there to paint some walls and workshops. I also have a solo exhibition at *Juddy Roller Gallery* in Melbourne at the end of February/beginning of March. There is a lot planned for *Rabbit Eye Movement* in 2017, which I am excited about to starting on once I am back in Vienna, after Australia. However, we don't want to spill too much for now. Stay tuned.

What makes your art stand out?

The way I display the characters I paint. It hasn't been done by many before me. The different styles of taking them apart and showing what's inside them freaks some people out but it's my way of honouring them.

What's the longest you've ever spent working on a piece and what was it?

The Vienna Therapy piece is the biggest one so far. It's a 10-foot, 3D sculpture of Sigmund Freud and his couch that I designed for a commission for the Vienna Tourism board. We put it together in San Francisco and it was brought to New York for it's first display. The whole process and the people involved made it to one of the biggest I have worked on. For those who can't imagine it right now, the sculpture will be on display in Melbourne, March 8th–12th at Federation Square. I hope to see you there!

Who in the creative community is doing some amazing stuff that we should check out?

There are a lot of amazing artists out there right now and I really don't want to put anyone down by not mentioning them. When it comes to people I've recently worked with I'd definitely say check out DXTR The Weird and Lauren YS. Both of them are good friends of mine and are currently working on great new things. 



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SPORT

SKY'S THE LIMIT

JEB CORLISS JUMPS OFF CLIFFS FOR A LIVING. BUT THREE YEARS AGO A SIMPLE LOOKING STUNT ALMOST MADE HIM WANT TO QUIT FOREVER.

BY SEAN BRUCE

WATCHING footage of wingsuit pilots flying down mountain faces at breakneck speeds has me sweating. Any sane person would be. These people are insane. Why else would they jump off 1000-metre cliffs with nothing but a nylon suit between them and the ground below?

Meet wingsuit pilot and certified madman Jeb Corliss. He throws himself off mountains for a living, defying physics and logic in death-defying spectacles. Among his achievements, a list of broken bones, torn ligaments and jelly-crushed muscles that put UFC's toughest to shame. For the past 20 years, Jeb's life has revolved around doing things that most people would consider to be completely crazy.

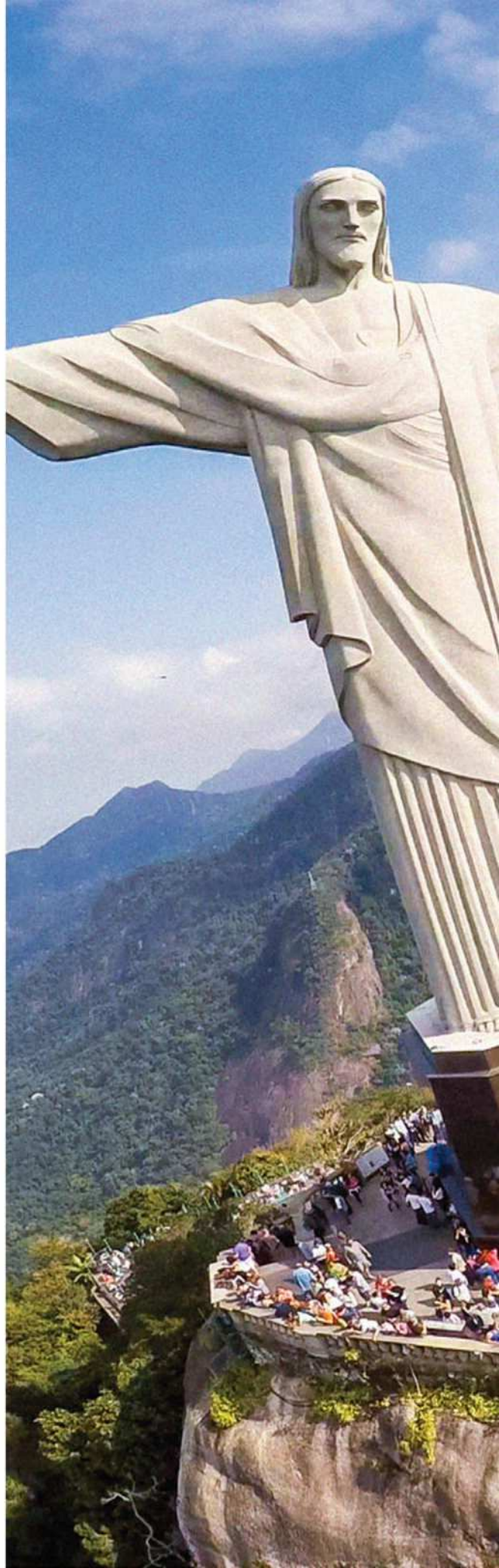
"I've broken my back in three places, broken all of my ribs, my left foot four times, right foot four times, had two ACL reconstructions in my left knee and a huge open wound in my right shin that needed four surgeries and two skin grafts. I've broken my neck, my left tibia and my hips. I've chipped most of my teeth, cracked my skull, had multiple concussions, broken my fingers and toes..." he rattles the list off like he's reading from a David Jones catalogue.

"Dude, that's been my life."

As my conversation with Jeb continues, I get the feeling that he thinks about death. A lot. In fact, he mentions it about 40 times over the course of our two-hour conversation. And I get why.

Wingsuit piloting has rightly earned itself another name – The World's Most Dangerous Sport. It's a title that carries with it a certain weight of responsibility. It's prestigious, but also a reminder of the realities facing wingsuit pilots. Jeb tells me that during his career he's seen about six people die every year. Of his good friends, 80 per cent are dead. Just last year, a summer period saw a record number of flying fatalities related to wingsuit piloting.

And it's true, no matter what precautions a wary pilot takes, the risks are very real. Wingsuit flyers will reach speeds of more than 160 kilometres an hour, often drifting only metres above the ground – close enough to clip the heads of unwitting hikers. In 2014, Alex Duncan, a 26-year-old





from Manly, died after crashing into a mountainside during a jump in the Swiss Alps. His words in an interview before he jumped ring true: "You have to be brave... and a little insane."

To be sure, there are a bunch of brave and insane people in the world who wouldn't dream of jumping off a cliff as a hobby. And while these traits are likely prerequisites, possessing those alone won't get you into a wingsuit and over the edge of a 1000-metre cliff.

When asked what motivates him to jump, Jeb's response is quietly philosophical. "As an individual, you're in a constant state of trying to figure out what you're made of – not just base jumpers but humans in general," he says.

"Of course there are people who shy away from fear and sit in their houses and watch TV while eating doughnuts. They die from cancer, or whatever disease they get from eating too much, and a lot of people are like that. Fine – more power to them."

As he tells me this, I'm reminded of that line from the movie *Braveheart*. "Every man dies. But not every man really lives." It's kind of cheesy, but I say it anyway.

He's heard it before. He doesn't agree. "I don't say that," he says. "I don't agree that what I do is better or worse than anyone else. I don't think my choices are any better or worse."

Those familiar with the sport would've heard of Jeb's famous 2012 crash – it went viral. It's one of the most well-known wingsuit crashes on the internet because Jeb somehow survives after hitting the ground at terminal velocity. Usually, you don't.

He tells me about the moments before he hits solid granite. "My mind instantly broke into two single thought processes that happened instantaneously. One thought process was just the math – calculations of what I needed to do, to not die.

"The other part was a more philosophical conversation. It felt like hours of me just sitting there having this discussion. And the topic was very simple...you are going to die now. The question is: 'Do you not pull your parachute and hit the ground? Just get turned off like a switch? That's one option – a quick death. Or, do you want to pull your parachute, potentially land and survive, then stay there bleeding out for five minutes, 10 minutes, an hour – however long it takes for a rescue team to get you.'"

"It was a hard choice to make. Do I pull my parachute or don't I? Do I want a slow death or a quick one?"

"I just wanted the time. So I pulled."

Jeb's decision to pull the cord saved his life but left him severely injured. He spent weeks in hospital, then it was months of rehab, an ACL reconstruction and a year of finally learning to walk again.

At this point most people would have called it quits on wingsuiting. But most people aren't Jeb. A year later, Jeb received a call that would lead to one of the most significant moments in his wingsuiting career. But it almost didn't happen.

"I thought I was going into something that was relatively straight forward. But it turned out to be something way, way, way gnarlier than I was expecting."

The jump, aptly named the Flying Dagger, would require Jeb to thread the eye of the needle through a narrow four-metre crack in a large cliff formation, travelling at speeds of more than 160 kilometres an hour. There was no room for error.

"I felt good about it. I thought this is going to be a good first project,

now I'm back on the job."

However, his confidence soon turned to apprehension.

"I start my proximity flight at 266 metres, having to go three football fields, deploy my parachute at about 90 metres – which is crazy low – over this gnarly-ass jungle with blades inside of it and branches that kill you if you land on them. If I don't make my landing area, I'm probably deadlier than a doornail. And if I get an off-heading opening or a hesitation of any kind, I die."

Jeb has a way of dealing with fear that's close to superhuman, but even he has limits. In the five days leading up to the jump, the weather turned bad and preparations got turned upside down. Jeb was supposed to perform 20 to 30 practice jumps ahead of the main event but due to bad weather he was only able to complete three. "Those three jumps were basically worthless. All they did was show me how fucked I was."

The weather and lack of preparation had Jeb rethinking the whole thing. It probably didn't help that more than 50,000 people had rocked up to see him take on the Flying Dagger.

A final inspection of the site from a helicopter deemed the jump unsafe because visibility was too low. Jeb's relief would have been palpable. "If I jumped, I would probably get killed anyway because I haven't got the training and I'm not prepared."

Relieved about the news, Jeb retired to take off his gear. He wouldn't have to jump after all. Imagine how he felt when moments later he was informed the weather had cleared up again. The jump was back on. No amount of training could prepare him for the emotional roller-coaster he had experienced in the space of five minutes.

"All of a sudden everyone's just staring at me. And I'm just like, 'Oh fuck.' "It was a horrible feeling. Now all of a sudden, I had no excuse not to jump, other than the fact that I didn't have the proper training."

I got so scared. I remembered bouncing off Table Mountain. I recalled

the hospital time, and the rehab and the wheelchairs and the surgeries and I'm thinking, 'I'm going to get fucked up right now.'"

I started crying. And I kind of realised – I'm done. If I land this helicopter right now, I'm never jumping again."

And then all of a sudden, I think, 'I can land this helicopter right now and I'm probably not going to die today. But some day, 10 years from now, 20 years from now, 30 years from now, who knows? Someday I will die. Someday I'll be sitting there in bed looking back on my life, and I'll remember this moment. This will be the moment that my life changed. This will be the moment I let fear dictate who I'm going to be and what I'm going to do. And you know what man? I'm going to have to die anyway, and today's as good a day as any day to die. Fuck it. I'm going.

"It was one of the most powerful experiences of my entire life. And a lot of what made it so powerful is that I almost gave up on who I was. I almost gave up on what I trained my entire life to do. I almost threw away an opportunity because I was just so shit scared." ❶

Since his recovery Jeb has completed projects in China. Last year he hit an apple-sized target suspended over the Great Wall. His camera setup allows us normal people to perform the stunt in virtual reality, wearing a pair of goggles in the safety of our homes. It's not quite the same. But it's the closest most of us will ever get.

“
**IT WAS A HARD
CHOICE TO MAKE. DO I
PULL MY PARACHUTE
OR DON'T I? DO I
WANT A SLOW DEATH
OR A QUICK ONE?**
”



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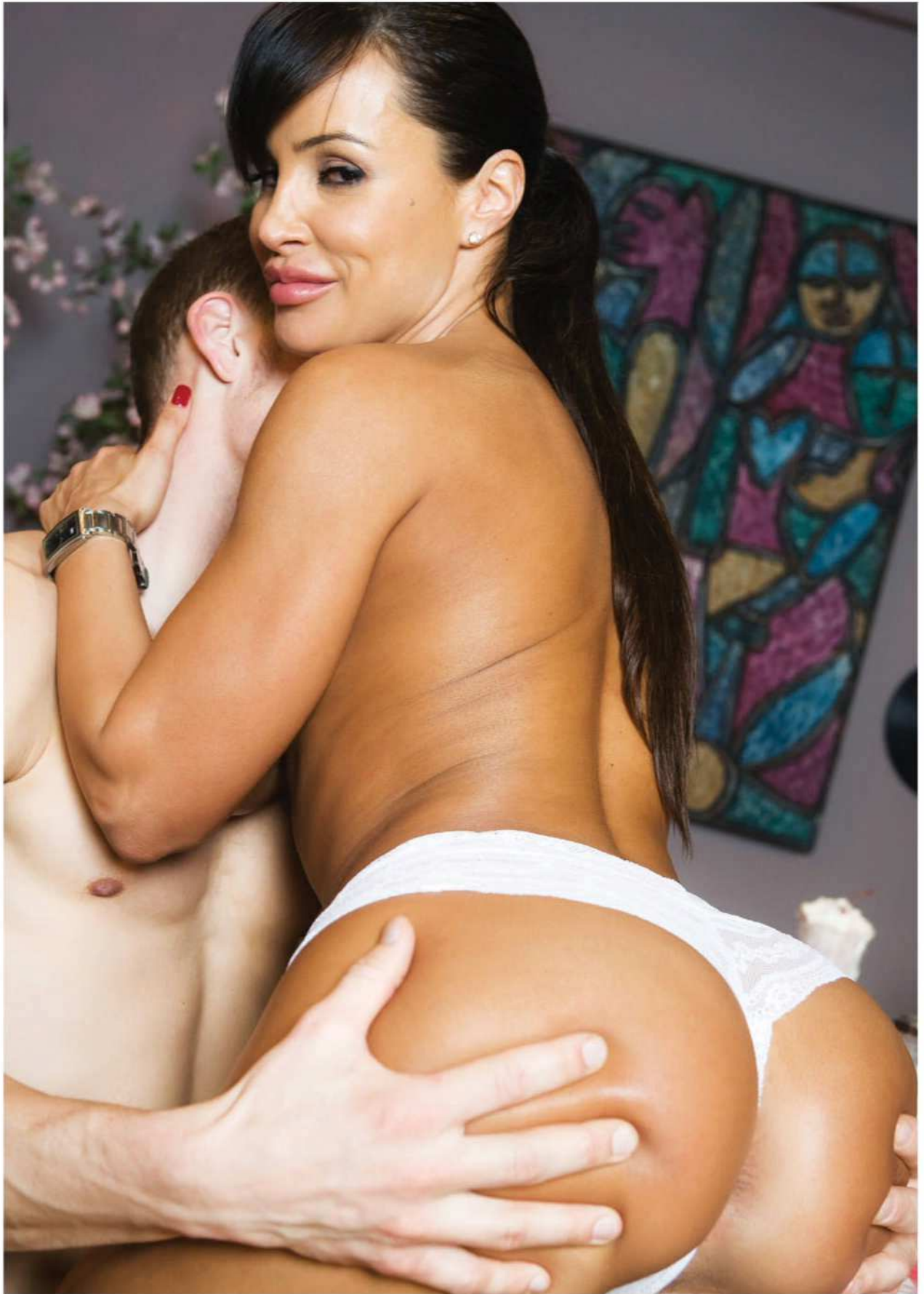
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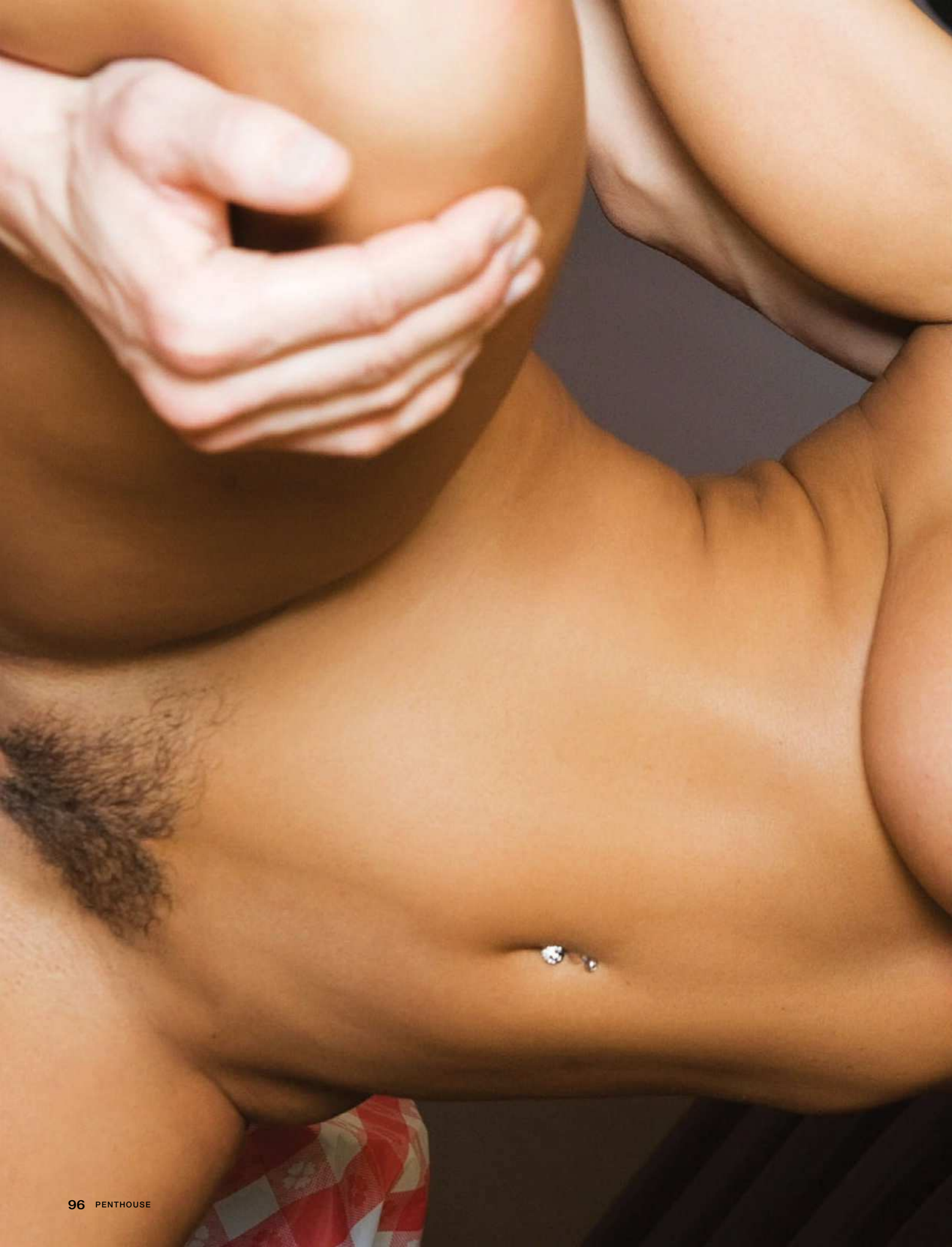
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IT'S SPANKS GIVING

WE were a few dozen healthy 20-something women, all off on a grueling, month-long survival course. This wasn't the military. We were training to work for a hands-on Third World relief agency, where we would face all sorts of struggles and rough circumstances. The training, which consisted of lots of wilderness exercises, was meant to winnow out the women who weren't serious enough for the commitment. Better they find out ahead of time that they didn't have the stuff than fail overseas.

Away in the mountains, in a crude camp where we had to pump our own water, cook over wood fires and endure hours of drills, the little cabins where we slept were like oases. There were ten of us in each of the small, framed structures. We would stagger in at dusk, strip and collapse onto our cots.

I had thought I was in great shape. I'd run track in college and had a lithe, toned figure. But this was a freakin' endurance contest. I hiked and climbed and did whatever the instructors demanded until every muscle screamed.

Naturally, a competition sprang up among us female volunteers. (Men trained in a different camp.) And of course, in such situations, some bitch had to try to be top dog.

In this case, it was Teddi—way too cuddly a name for the hard-muscled, rip-snorting woman who went tearing through our daily workouts like a gladiator. We called her Ted.

I was bunking in the same cabin with her. After a harrowing day, she would sometimes drop and do fifty pushups, calling the rest of us wimps the whole time. Other times, she would strut around naked, flexing her developed musculature. She had dark, spiky hair and an attitude to match.

Yeah, Ted was a jerk—albeit an attractive one.

However, one morning I'd had enough of her attitude. Ted was daring anyone to take her on at any physical activity. I got off my cot, not bothering to put on panties, and said, "A race. At lunch break. You and me."

Ted flashed her wide, malevolent grin as she looked me up and down. "You got nice tits, girlie. But you're not better than me at anything."

It was on.

The instructors got wind of our impending competition and laid out an informal course, three miles around one of the mountaintops. When lunch came and Ted and I went to the start line, something occurred to me. "Hey," I said. "What're the stakes?"

"You do what I say in the cabin tonight, if—I mean when—I win. Reverse if you beat me. Which'll never happen," Ted answered with a sneer.

I couldn't wait to wipe that expression off her pretty face. I also let myself wonder what I might make her do later on...

“
**MY CUNT TINGLED
WITH A LUSTFUL
INTEREST THAT
STARTLED ME**
”

Then we were off and running. I was flying, like in all those track meets. But after a mile, I lost footing on the terrain and struggled to regain my pace. Ted, meanwhile, ran like a crazed goat.

Somehow, minutes later, I saw her cross the finish line three strides ahead of me. I couldn't believe it!

Ted—sweat pouring down her face—said, "Your ass is mine tonight."

I didn't know how literally she meant that. That evening, I awaited my fate with a mixture of apprehension and arousal. I halfway figured she meant to put me through some melodramatic lesbian "ordeal." (That didn't bother me—I wasn't skittish about sucking some pussy.) But the tension built as Ted delayed coming to the cabin. The other women pretended not to watch me, but I knew they were. I even saw faces peering in the windows. The whole camp knew about

our wager. I could see deviant excitement alighting my bunkmates' features.

By the time Ted came stomping through the door, I'd grown seriously nervous. She looked insufferably smug, fists raised in victory.

"Get your fuckin' clothes off!" she told me. "I want to see that sweet ass!"

Her tone of command made my hands shake as I stripped. Again I waited, heart beating hard.

"Up on the cot," she ordered. "On your hands and knees!"

My body trembled as I got on all fours, facing the wall. I heard Ted's measured steps coming up behind me. Everyone else had retreated, but I felt the women around us still watching.

I honestly don't know what I was expecting, but suddenly there was a loud smack—and I jumped and yelped, feeling a hand-sized sting on my right ass cheek. I cranked my head around to see Ted standing at the foot of my cot, grinning, her hand raised. I was shocked—and aroused. My cunt tingled with a lustful interest that startled me.

"Don't you look at me unless I give you permission!" she scolded. Then she whacked my left cheek, delivering an equally wicked sting. I bit back a groan, not wanting to reveal my feelings, and I obediently turned my head away. Waiting for the next slap, I braced my knees and stiffened my arms, fingers gripping the bedding. So... she was going to spank me? Naked, in front of the others, like a naughty girl at some kinky boarding school.

That idea sent a strange charge through me, a kind of excitement I'd never experienced before, and it thrilled me to my core.

Ted delivered another smack. Each pain impulse skipped through my whole body, awakening sensations that didn't seem to belong to me. My punisher took her time between blows, letting the pause fill me with anticipation, making me shiver as I worked to hold myself still.

My skin tingled. My nerve endings crackled. My nipples had hardened, and my pussy flowed with wetness.

The pain, though, was real. Ted alternated hands, hitting from one side, then the other.





She was covering the whole area of my ass. My backside glowed with a rising heat. She struck the same spots more than once, and that was pain on top of pain, a fiery stinging sensation that left me breathless.

I cried out with each slap, a raw helpless sound. Distantly, I heard the gasps of the others. More than a few of the women sounded aroused, as if seeing me getting my bare ass spanked was some kind of pornographic treat. I realized that I liked them seeing me this way. I wanted them to watch, to appreciate the punishment I was taking.

There was a window in the wall, and I looked up to see faces peering down at me, eyes wide. Yes! Yes—watch me!

"You see what you get, you bad girl!" Ted said, striking my ass with another full-arm swing of her big strong hand. "You see what I have to do to you!"

I cried out at the next blow, but I could hear the sensual excitement in my voice.

Ted paused longer than usual to consider my quivering form. I hoped this wasn't over; I wanted more. Then she said, with a new rawness in her voice, "You like this, don't you, bad girl? Say it. Say it!"

"I like it!" I confessed breathlessly.

"Look at me."

Obediently, I turned to look at Ted, knowing I must appear as flustered as I felt. She was still Teddi, the blowhard, but now she seemed to loom above me, to fill up the room, a wickedly deviant goddess. My brain whirled. I had entered a realm of sexual delirium I'd barely even known existed. I had never guessed this secret need within myself.

Ted met my eyes. I saw that she understood this moment of sexual discovery. She didn't give me her usual sneering grin. Instead, she offered a tender smile that touched me. That smile was what I kept in my mind during the last few blows. Ted spanked me until my ass felt raw and used. Then she gave me a husky, "Well done," before retreating to her own cot. Nobody said a word to me. I didn't meet anyone's eyes. It was lights out and retreat to your own private fantasies after that.

At least, it was until I heard a distinctive footstep.

Yes, later, when she'd decided our scene was over and after everyone had wordlessly slunk to their cots and we were enveloped in darkness, Ted came to me. I had to sleep on my stomach; my ass was so sore. Ted slipped two fingers into my pussy from behind, her thumb flicking my clit, working me gently and expertly. I climaxed with a soft mewl of satisfaction. I turned, and Teddi lowered her dripping cleft onto my eager mouth. I smeared my lips against hers. I only had to tongue her for a bit before she closed her thighs around my head and came hard.

My life was never the same after that incredible, wonderful night of spanking and fulfillment.

My stint with the relief agency was enriching and rewarding, but I moved on to a lucrative career in finance. Over the years, I found the occasional lover who could gratify my special kink. I needed my ass spanked, and for that I required someone who got off on giving me my spankings. That could be a complicated arrangement.

One boyfriend, Jake, turned out to be a master at administering punishments. All he had to do was slide his custom-made paddle out of its velvet sleeve, and I'd be wet and on my knees. We'd worked for the same firm, but he got transferred to the Paris branch and that was that.

"Missing Jake, Yolanda?"

I looked up from moping at my desk to see Suzette, a nimble brunette who wore tight business attire that showed off her nicely rounded tits and shapely legs.

"I sure am," I said dejectedly.

"Yeah. Me, too."

“ I NEEDED MY ASS SPANKED, AND FOR THAT I REQUIRED SOMEONE WHO GOT OFF ON GIVING ME MY SPANKINGS ”

I gave her a sharper look, but then shrugged. Jake and I had never said anything about exclusivity. Besides, I've never much liked monogamy.

I did wonder, though, if Jake and Suzette had ever...?

As if reading my mind, she leaned toward me and said, "Our Jake could sure swing that paddle, huh?"

Her moist mouth was so close. I wanted to pull her onto my desk and tear off her clothes. Even the mention of Jake's proficiency with that paddle had me seething with repressed desire. I was desperately turned on.

Still whispering, Suzette added, "He wasn't the only game in town, you know. Come to this address tonight. It's a private club. Maybe you can take punishment as good as I can."

I accepted the little white card she held out. I also meant to take up the very obvious challenge she'd just made to me. Nobody could take a paddling like I could!

The club was swank, with marble columns out front. I felt a burst of anticipation as I

presented the card Suzette had given me and was ushered through double doors to a wide-open space. A few people in formal wear milled about, but I didn't see anybody getting their ass swatted or any sexual activity of any kind. Was Suzette having a laugh at my expense?

An attendant appeared and politely led me into a dressing room. Only there was nothing to change into—no clothes, only a rack of collars and leashes. I was left alone to look over my options. Two other women came in, giggling, and proceeded to strip immediately. They each eagerly picked out a collar for the other and ducked out, without a word to me.

I stood mystified a moment more, then Suzette entered, smiling. "I'm so glad you're here!" She saw my confused expression. "Lose the clothes, sweetheart." She stepped out of her own outfit, revealing her gorgeous body. "Now, pick something you'd like to have around your neck for a few hours."

After I was nude, she helped me don my selected collar. I shivered at the feel of the leather around my throat. She playfully tweaked my stiff nipples. "What happens is we stroll around until someone picks us. If you're willing to play, you submit. There are lots of lovely men and women here, and it's all for fun. Do you want to bail?"

I shook my head adamantly. This was about more than showing Suzette I could take some butt slaps. I needed this. My body and spirit cried out for punishment. Nothing else made me feel complete. And the thought of becoming a random plaything for a nameless dominant thrilled me.

I kissed Suzette full on the mouth, and we went out together, naked, leashes dangling invitingly.

The club had filled up. Men in black tie and women in stunning gowns mingled. They looked like a wealthy, cultured crowd. Some were probably clients of my firm. Here and there—because I couldn't miss them—I saw beautiful females wearing only leather collars and leashes.

Suzette and I parted. I wandered through the huge room. My feeling of exposure was intense. I sensed many appreciative eyes on me. I passed one of the giggly women from earlier. Now she was on her knees, head bowed to the carpet, her luscious ass raised high. A man with an athlete's build wearing a designer tux was rhythmically smacking her butt with a wooden paddle that looked like a cricket bat.

The flesh of the woman's ass quivered with each blow. Onlookers applauded decorously. The woman moaned shamelessly.

Hot need boiled inside me.

Suddenly, a hand took my leash. I was pulled forward to face an icy-looking blonde. "Well, well," she said. "A new face. Let us see what

you can take, shall we?"

I was ready to play and nodded my consent. Others around us made approving noises. An attendant appeared and offered a paddle made of dark wood to the statuesque blonde. She took it with a wry smile, then jerked my leash. "Kneel!"

I knelt. She put the paddle before me.

"Kiss it," she commanded.

A fluttery joy rose through my being. Obediently, I kissed the lacquered paddle.

My blonde mistress tugged the leash, and I lowered my forehead until it rested on the scarlet carpet. My bare ass was pointed toward the chandeliered ceiling, and I waited, every muscle tensed and my heart beating fast.

I actually heard the paddle swish through the air before it impacted my backside. The blow jolted my whole body. My right ass cheek, where she'd hit me, stung gloriously. I felt the spreading warmth, as well as a surge of dampness from my pussy.

Again, the paddle whistled. Again, she struck my ass with merciless force. Sweat sprang out on my back. My lips parted in a silent gasp. My mistress's audience oohed and aaahed. The flat wood surface hit again, catching me across both cheeks this time. I groaned hungrily. This woman was at least as good as Jake with her technique.

Jake, though, had also been skilled with running commentary. He would call me a bad girl, telling me why I needed to be punished, which always thrilled me. The blonde woman remained silent as she smacked my defenseless butt.

I burned with violent pleasure. My pussy flooded, and I felt a profound climax building in me, the kind of orgasm only a good paddling could bring. But, all of a sudden, it was over. The spanking stopped, and when I looked up, the woman had sashayed away.

Frustrated, I rose shakily to my feet. My rear tingled and burned. I wanted to touch it, to feel the heat that the paddle had woken in my flesh, but instead I meekly resumed my wandering circuit of the large open space in search of more.

While I'd been taking my lovely licks, the party had turned overtly sexual. I saw the second of the two giggling women from the dressing room avidly sucking a man's cock as a socialite-looking woman whipped her ass with a leather thong. Elsewhere, a naked woman in a collar was being relentlessly fingered by two men, one delving into her pussy, the other her asshole. The woman convulsed helplessly through a seemingly endless series of orgasms.

I didn't see Suzette, but she could easily be lost in this sizeable crowd. Apparently, this private club was quite popular with the most deviant upper crust.

The leather of my collar was abruptly tugged

as another guest seized my leash. This time, I turned to stare into a set of gorgeous blue eyes. They belonged to a man with strong, handsome features, a solid physique, and a matinee-idol's grin. He reminded me immediately of Jake, but this male radiated even more charisma, masculinity, and raw power.

"Trying to sneak past me, huh?" he taunted. "That's what a bad girl would do. Do you know what happens to bad girls?"

Something melted in the pit of my stomach. Ripples of anticipation raced across my bare skin. This man seemed to loom, to tower. I felt his dominating personality wash over me. This one, I knew, would truly give me what I craved.

"Answer me!" he demanded, voice crackling like a whip.

"I... I know," I murmured, desire trembling in me at my marrow.

His grin was devilish. His blue eyes blazed. "Then assume the position!"

Those words sent fierce waves of ecstasy through me. His tone was harsh, but I saw the twinkle in his stunning eyes. He was playing a role as much as I was. I trusted that he understood my needs as well as I did his.

BREATHLESS, I CAST A GLANCE OVER MY SHOULDER AND BEGGED, 'PLEASE, FUCK ME, SIR!'

I went to my knees, then dropped until my forehead touched the carpet. I heard him move behind me.

Expecting the swat of a paddle, I was surprised when I felt his caressing hand on my cheeks. He brushed the warmed flesh, squeezing delicately, as if examining the wares. I braced myself.

When the first smack came, it did not disappoint. He used his open palm, which I liked. It made the blow more personal somehow. He was as strong as he looked. I felt the full masculine muscle of him in that lovely initial spank.

I cried out. He smacked me again from the other side, catching the thickest part of my ass. My flesh was still stinging from the blonde's paddling, but this was something else. This was the real deal.

"See what I have to do to you?" His voice was hard and authoritative.

"Y-yes..."

"Yes what?" He swatted me again. The flesh-on-flesh sound was sharp and loud.

"Yes, Sir!" I blurted.

His hand came down. My head rocked to the side on the carpet. Through the strands of my hair, I glimpsed him behind me. Once more he seemed to overshadow everything. His forceful presence shut out all the other guests, even the ones who'd gathered near to watch our display. They were shadow figures. He was all that mattered. After a few more spanks, I was aware only of this masterful man and his punishing hand.

A downward glance told me he had a wicked hard-on inside his slacks. I hoped he would let me touch his cock later. I also hoped to seriously thank Suzette for inviting me here.

The man kept up a powerful tempo. Each spank drove the pain higher, but it rapidly transformed into a thrilling rapture. My nerve endings sang. The hurt was pleasure, translating itself. The universe turned inside out. I swam with warmth and joy. My memory flung me back into that cabin in the mountains years before, with Teddi meting out my punishment in front of all those gawking women. I thought, too, of Jake, but he'd vanished on a Parisian breeze.

I had my master now, at least for tonight, for this exquisite moment. His blows continued to land on my quivering ass. Sweat streamed from me. I groaned with bliss, with an approaching culmination. My pussy flowed with wetness.

"The bad girl wants her reward? Okay. Come for me! Come for me, bad girl!"

I could only obey, bringing a hand between my legs to strum my clit. The deep carnal jubilation rose and overwhelmed me. A torrent of pleasure swept me away. I was defenseless against it. He had demanded this climax, and I offered my orgasm up to him as a gift. I moaned crazily, bucking and thrashing.

Breathless, I cast a glance over my shoulder and begged, "Please, fuck me, Sir!"

The man flashed a feral smile and reached for a crystal bowl on a nearby table. After snagging a condom from it, he quickly opened his pants and donned the rubber. A moment later, he was on his knees, his hard cock rammed into my drenched pussy.

Each slap of his pelvis reawakened the heat in my ass, urging me toward another climax. I thrust back against him, pushing up onto my elbows and looking back fully at him. I watched him fuck me like a demon, his handsome face twisted with rising ecstasy.

His blue eyes found mine. They still twinkled. Then he let out a cry of his own, and his cock spasmed, which set off another series of frantic love-quakes for me.

Afterward, I was limp. I lay on the floor until I felt his arms gathering me up. I snuggled against him, and he kissed me gently and said, "Good girl!"

Maybe I was. Maybe for a minute or two.

—Yolanda Sipp, Colorado



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A full-page photograph of Tara Foxxx, a woman with long dark hair, wearing a yellow bikini and black high-heeled shoes. She is sitting on a white chair, leaning back and looking over her shoulder at the camera. The background shows a window with blinds and curtains.

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NAPOLEON OF NASHVILLE

WILLIAM WALKER WAS A SMALL MAN, BUT HE MORE THAN MADE UP FOR IT IN AMBITION.

BY RONNIE BOOGAARD

BEFORE the term was used to describe a tactic of deliberate windbagery designed to prevent or provoke action in a legislative assembly, a filibuster was historically a citizen who engaged in unsanctioned colonialist warfare against a foreign sovereign state. Derived from the Dutch word for “pirate,” but with top hats and monocles in place of eye patches and tricorns, the New World filibusters were particularly prevalent during the tumultuous mid-nineteenth century period preceding the American Civil War, operating to a backdrop of anti-abolitionist sentiment and the imperialistic dogma of Manifest Destiny. William Walker, the unlikely president of Nicaragua from 1856 to 1857, was the pre-eminent and perhaps loopyest of them all.

Born in Nashville to a wealthy family, Walker demonstrated his determined but restless spirit from a young age, graduating from university at 14 and earning first his medical license and then a law degree before the age of 25. After growing bored of the newspaper he founded in New Orleans, Walker joined the scores of other adventurers flocking west in the fevered grip of a gold rush—where conquering vast swathes of foreign territory to create a personal fiefdom might have seemed like a reasonable career move for an ambitious young man of the times. Texas and California had only recently been annexed from Mexico, and now Walker had his sights set on carving out a sizable slice of his own.

At all of 5'2", with wispy hair and a slender body, William Walker is described in almost Owen Meany–like terms, reportedly having possessed an oddly commanding oratorical presence in spite of his diminutive frame. Able to rally his ragtag band of only fifty-odd armed recruits, Walker would succeed in seizing the capital of La Paz with astonishing ease, declaring the entire Baja California peninsula an independent republic and himself its freshly appointed chief. Yet, an impetuous and ill-fated campaign to capture the neighboring state of Sonora – despite crippling cuts to his supply line

and a growing rate of desertion – would soon see wee Willy and his remaining men driven out of Mexico entirely, only to wind up facing charges for their contravention of the American Neutrality Act back at home.

No matter; the court's inability to convict the widely popular plunderer would only serve to grant Walker an added air of impunity, and Nicaragua—a land of considerable strategic interest as a cross-continental shipping route—remained equally ripe for the picking. Assembling a fresh personal army, Walker would next capitalise on the ongoing political unrest in the Central American nation by joining forces with its liberal faction to wrest control from the ruling conservative class. Alarmed by Walker's blatant expansionist agenda, Costa Rica—and later Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala in military alliance—would, in turn, respond with declarations of war on the American usurpers, prompting Nicaragua's puppet president to flee and thus provide Walker an opportunity to assume the position officially.

But Walker had erred in one ultimately fatal respect, having embroiled himself in a plot to strip control of the lucrative local shipping network from Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the richest and most powerful man in America. Vanderbilt's intercession in the ongoing conflict would bring a swift end to Walker's reign, and the famed filibuster's remaining forays to reclaim his country would be plagued by maritime blockades, multiple arrests, and even a shipwreck. After one last failed assault, William Walker, former president of the Republic of Lower California and Nicaragua, would finally exhaust his good luck and be handed over to Honduran authorities by the British Royal Navy. He was executed at age 36.

In the following year, the Southern Confederacy would secede from the Union. If Walker had managed to hold onto his gains with just a fraction of greater political and military prudence, it's conceivable that their strategic and territorial value could well have tipped the delicate balance in the ensuing war to the South. ❶



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